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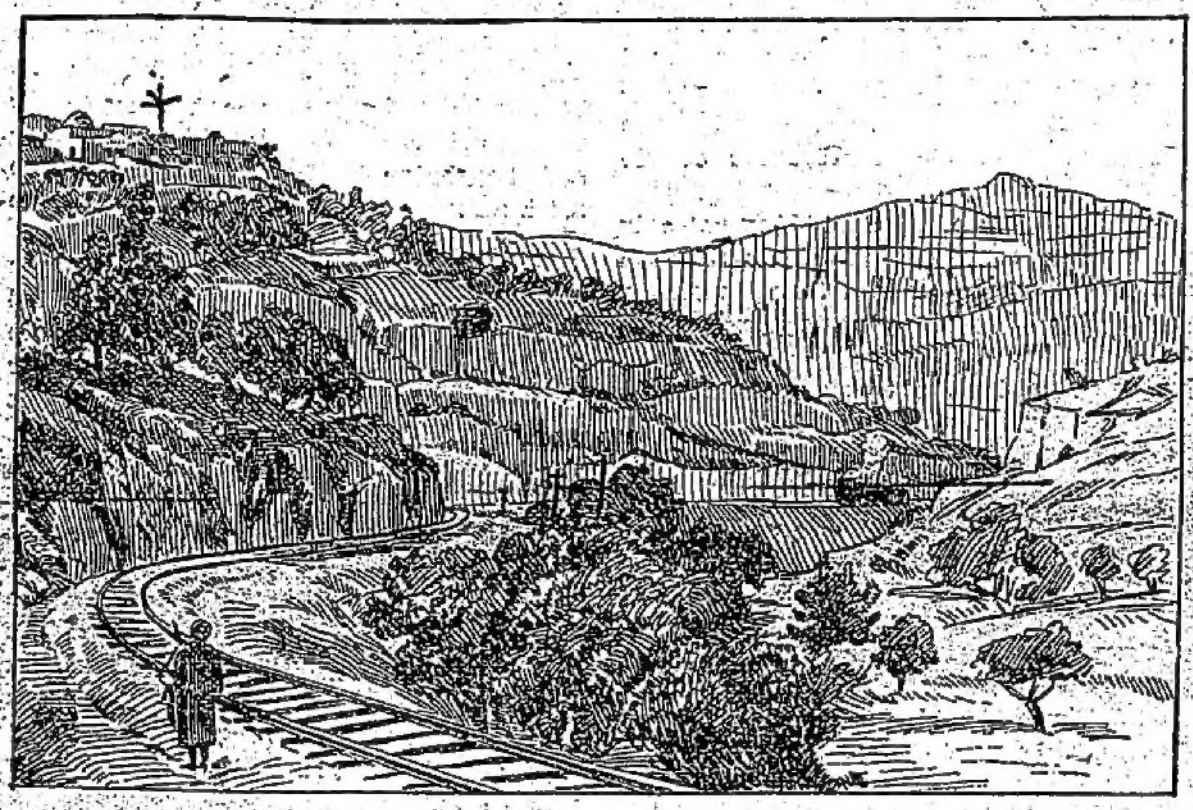
From Jaffa to Jerusalem.

Jaffa—Jaffa, where the oranges come from. Just as Brazil is inseparably connected with nuts, and 'Brazil where the nuts come from' has become a byword, so Jaffa, in the minds of most, recalls oranges—oranges, large, oval, and juicy, without pips, or nearly so.

But Jaffa possesses other attractions besides its oranges, of greater if not of such immediate interest. Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, was the port of Jerusalem. To it, in the days of Solomon, came the cedar wood used in building the temple. From this port, now partly blocked with the ever shifting sand, embarked the prophet Jonah when he fled to Tarshish; here, St. Peter restored Dorcas to life, saw his vision, and received



the messengers of Cornelius. On the road from Joppa to Jerusalem is Kirjath-Jearim, where the ark remained for twenty years in the house of Abinadab. Along this great highway of ancient trade, on which toiled the bondservants of Solomon, the remnants of the five conquered nations, bringing the cedar wood and fir trees and gold from Hiram, king of Tyre, now runs a modern railway. The traveller is quickly carried from the ancient port to the Holy City, but fortunately no effort of modern science can rob the Holy Land of the subtle charm it will ever possess, and our interest clings not to the flourishing German colony established there, or to its rising trade, but to those scenes of long ago, which seem to live again before our eyes, so real and vivid is their remembrance.—'Our Darlings.'

The Despair of Agnosticism.

A short time ago I received word that a friend whom I prized very highly had met with great domestic sorrows; his home had been invaded by death, and the pride of the father's heart (a daughter of about sixteen, gifted, beautiful and amiable) was suddenly taken away. The father and myself had been friends for a long time. I found him a rare man, highly intellectual, extremely well read, delighting in all that was elevating and ennobling, perfectly at home in art, philosophy, literature and science.

We have spent many pleasant hours talking about certain philosophical subjects in which both were interested. In this way we had learned to appreciate one another highly; his language had always been so chaste that his religious views had never so much as been hinted at, but when death entered his household, and I sought some words to comfort my sorrowing friend, it was only then that I found out the terrible condition that he was in. After the ordinary greetings, and my expressions that under such circumstances there was but one consolation in our sorrow, to my consternation, he replied, 'I find none.' Opening his heart to me, he told me how he had given all his thought and study to German philosophy. The rationalistic teachings of Schopenhauer and his school had gained complete ascendancy over his mind, and he doubted everything. He could find nothing better than the teachings of the old Epicurean philosophers, and stoicism was his ideal. It was painful, indeed, to find that this man, so well informed on many subjects, was ignorant of the first principles of Christianity. Although born and reared in New England in a Christian home, he was a practical heathen, 'without God and without hope in the world.' When I told him I could conceive of nothing more awful than to feel one's self simply the victim of outrageous fortune, to have no assurance of a Father's hand guiding, of a Father's sympathy, comforting in times of distress, and a Father's house awaiting one, in answer he said: 'I can conceive of nothing happier, nothing sweeter, nothing more inviting than what you hold out. But, alas, I cannot realize it.'

I asked 'Why cannot you realize it, and make it yours?'

'I cannot,' he replied.

When questioned why, he responded:

'I have not the faith.'

'What do you mean by faith?' I then asked.

To my surprise, he quoted Paul's definition, Heb. ii., 1, 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.'

'What does that mean?' he asked me.

I then explained as clearly as I could the apostolic definition. Taking him step by step along as to just what faith meant, and what 'faith in Christ' signified, how 'faith in Christ' wrought the change and accomplished the work, which we struggled in vain to do. Every minute or two eager questions interrupted my line of reasoning, but they were such as come from a man in dead earnest. The Spirit did give me power to answer them satisfactorily to my questioner. After two hours' conversation, he arose and said: 'Thank God, I can accept that. There is nothing irrational about it; you will never know what you have done for me.'

It was a most delightful sensation to notice the change that came over that man's face; the despair seemed to vanish, and the light that stole into the darkened soul flashed out through his eye and expressed itself in the voice. He confessed himself happy in his new-found hope.

'Ah!' said he, 'Egyptian darkness is noonday compared with the darkness of agnosticism; it is icy and deadly.'

Is it not strange that so many of our gifted and intelligent men are inclined toward agnosticism? Is it not a repetition of the prophet's warning, 'According to their pasture, so were they filled?' If they feed on such pastures as the German rationalistic philosophers, they surely cannot expect any better results. It is like feeding on the wind—it brings forth the whirlwind. How true it is that even in this day of great gospel light and grace the Lord can turn to many a one and say, 'Have I been so long a time with you, and yet hast thou not known me?'—Rev. Walter T. Griffin.

No Room For Old Mother.

By Lu B. Cake.

'Going north, madam?'

'No, ma'am.'

'Going south, then?'

'I don't know ma'am.'

'Why, there are only two ways to go.'

'I didn't know. I was never on the cars. I'm waiting for a train to go to John.'

'John? There is no town called John. Where is it?'

'Oh, John is my son. He's out in Kansas on a claim.'

'I am going right to Kansas myself. You intend to visit?'

'No, ma'am.'

She said it with a sigh so heart-burdened the stranger was touched.

'John sick?'

'No.'

The evasive tone, the look of pain in the furrowed face was noticed by the stylish lady as the gray head bowed upon the toil-marked hand. She wanted to hear her story; to help her.

'Excuse me—John in trouble?'

'No no; I'm in trouble. Trouble my old heart never thought to see.'

'The train does not come for some time. Here, rest your head upon my cloak.'

'You are kind. If my own were so I shouldn't be in trouble to-night.'

'What is your trouble? Maybe I can help you.'

'It's hard to tell it to strangers, but my

old heart is too full to keep it back. When I was left a widow with three children, I thought it was more than I could bear, but it wasn't bad as this—'

The stranger waited till she recovered her voice to go on.

'I had only the cottage and my willing hands. I toiled early and late all the years till John could help me. Then we kept the girls at school, John and me. They were married not long ago. Married rich as the world goes. John sold the cottage, sent me to the city to live with them, and he went west to begin for himself. He said we had provided for the girls and they would provide for me now—'

Her voice choked with emotion. The stranger waited in silence.

'I went to them in the city. I went to Mary's first. She lived in a great house, with servants to wait on her; a house many times larger than the little cottage—but I soon found there wasn't room enough for me—'

The tears stood in the lines on her cheeks. The ticket agent came out softly, stirred the fire, and went back. After a pause she continued:

'I went to Martha's—went with a pain in my heart I never felt before. I was willing to do anything so as not to be a burden. But that wasn't it. I found that they were ashamed of my bent old body and withered face; ashamed of my rough, wrinkled hands—made so toiling for them—.'

The tears came thick and fast now. The stranger's hand rested caressingly on the gray head.

'At last they told me I must live at a boarding house, and they'd keep me there. I couldn't say anything back. My heart was too full of pain. I wrote to John what they were going to do. He wrote right back a long, kind letter, for me to come right to him. I always had a home while he had a roof, he said. To come right there and stay as long as I lived. That his mother should never go out to strangers. So I'm going to John. He's got only his rough hands and his great warm heart; but there's room for his old mother—God—bless—him'

The stranger brushed a tear from her fair cheek and awaited the conclusion.

'Some day when I'm gone where I'll never trouble them again, Mary and Martha will think of it all. Some day when the hands that toiled for them are folded and still; when the eyes that watched over them for many a weary night are closed forever; when the little old body, bent with the burdens it bore for them, is put away where it can never shame them—'

The agent drew his hand quickly before his eyes, and went out as if to look for a train. The stranger's jewelled fingers stroked the gray locks, while the tears of sorrow and the tears of sympathy fell together. The weary heart was unburdened. Soothed by a touch of sympathy, the troubled soul yielded to the longing for rest and she fell asleep. The agent went noiselessly about his duties that he might not wake her. As the fair stranger watched she saw a smile on the careworn face. The lips moved. She bent down to hear.

'I'm doing it for Mary and Martha. They'll take care of me some time.'

She was dreaming of the days in the little cottage—of the fond hopes that inspired her, long before she learned with a broken heart, that some day she would turn homeless in the world, to go to John.—'Epworth Herald.'

Lord Shaftesbury's Conversion.

(By the Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D.D.

What a touch can turn a child!

This was the manner of his dying and burial. As he lay, feeble with age and toil, and amid the last shadows evidently gathering, one who came to take last leave heard words like these: 'I am in the hands of God; the ever-blessed Jehovah; in his hands alone; yes, in His keeping, with Him alone.' His last words were 'Thank you,' as a faithful servant did him ministry.

And there never was such a funeral as his. 'It was touching to see the blinds drawn close in the club-houses and mansions of St. James street and Pall Mall, but it was far more touching to see groups upon groups of artisans, seamstresses, laborers, factory hands, flower girls—the poor and destitute from all quarters of London—gathered to pay their last mark of respect and affection. It was no crowding together of sight-seers. Even the poorest of the poor had managed to procure some little fragment of black to wear upon the coat sleeve or in the bonnet; the stillness was solemn and impressive; and as the simple procession passed, every head was uncovered and bowed as with a personal sorrow. He had "clothed a people with spontaneous mourning, and was going down to the grave amid the benedictions of the poor."'

And there in Westminster Abbey not only was royalty present, with tokens of affection and respect, but deputations from the homes, refuges, training ships, costermongers' society, missions, charities, bearing craped banners on which shone such words as these 'Naked, and ye clothed me,' 'A stranger, and ye took me in,' crowded the spaces of the great church. By the flowers on the coffin sent by the Crown Princess of Germany lay a wreath inscribed the 'Loving Tribute from the Flower Girls of London.'

Lord Shaftesbury was 'the impersonation of the philanthropist of the nineteenth century.'

And if you should ask, How came it all about that he lived the Christian, benignant life he did, and was crowned with such a death and burial, you would find the answer in this statement of his biographer: 'Throughout his life Lord Shaftesbury had never the least hesitation in tracing the time when his spiritual history had a beginning. He unhesitatingly affirmed that it was when he was seven years of age, under the influence of his nurse, Maria Millis.'

The Christian hand of this humble Christian woman touched and turned the heart of the little boy, and against the influences of an utterly irreligious home. What a blessing to the world that she saw the possibilities in a little child!

Anybody can see the wonderful advantages of the early touch and turning of that faithful Christian hand. Even though Lord Shaftesbury had become a Christian in later life, anybody can see the disadvantage he had been under thus, the wrench and strain it had then required, the hard unlearning and difficult battlings with evil habits already formed, how thus, at best, but a fraction of his life could have been given to God, whereas, because of this early and deciding touch, his whole life was dedicated to God and to humanity.

How foolish and blind we are! Some middle-aged man is captured for the Lord Jesus, and we rejoice, and we ought to, and have right to. But who has not heard the almost, if not quite, sneering remarks, 'O they are only boys and girls who are becoming Christians and joining the Church.' Only boys and girls! But by as much as, even according to our poor arithmetic, a whole is better than three-quarters or a half, by so much is the conversion of a little child a larger victory for Jesus than that of a man or woman who can, at the most, yield but a fragment of a life to Him.—Christian Intelligencr.'

Spurgeon in a Hospital.

The following anecdote was told by John B. Gough. He says: 'Mr. Spurgeon and I, visiting a hospital, went into an airy and pleasant ward where the boy lay whom he wished to see. The boy was greatly delighted on seeing Mr. Spurgeon. The great preacher sat down by his bedside and took his hand, saying,

'"My son, there are precious promises for you hanging on these walls. You are going to die, my dear boy. You are tired of lying here on your couch, and soon you will be at rest. Nurse, did he sleep well last night?'

'"No, he coughed a good deal."

'"Oh, my son, it is very hard for you to suffer all day and cough all night. Do you love Jesus Christ?"

'"Yes, sir."

'"And Jesus loves you, and bought you with his precious blood, and he knows what is best for you. It seems hard for you to lie here in bed and hear the boys playing on the streets, but soon the Lord will take you home and then he will tell you why there is so much suffering in the world, and you will be happy forever."

'Then, placing his hand on the head of the child, he said, "Jesus, Master, this dear lad puts up his little hand to reach thine. Take it, beloved Saviour; bear him over the river of death and take him to heaven when it seems best to thee. Comfort him until that happy time arrives; reveal thyself to him while he remains here, and let him look to thee and think of thee more and more as his loving Saviour."

'After a moment he said, "My son, is there not something you want? Would you like a canary in a cage, so that you can hear him sing in the morning? Nurse, bring him a canary to-morrow morning. Good-by, my boy; very likely you will see the Saviour before I do.'

'Seeing Mr. Spurgeon seated by the cot of a dying lad whom he had taken from the street, he seemed to me even more grand and noble than when I saw him moving great audiences with his eloquence. Like Richter, the great German poet, he loved God and he loved children.'—American Messenger.'

China the Greatest Mission Field in the World.

Look at the uncounted number of her people. Think of four hundred millions of human hearts capable of being converted into altars from which shall ascend the offerings of thanksgiving and praise. The homogeneity of this mighty population makes unlimited expansion easy and promising; of one speech, of one susceptibility, of one general make-up, of the same laws and useages and manners; what affects one will affect all; an objection met at Canton is an objection met at Pekin. A message sent by telegram has to be translated afresh in Europe, each time it crosses a provincial line—first in France, then in Germany, and then in Russia; but in China a leaflet about the true God, struck off in one of the great mission presses in Shanghai, utters its voice to the millions in Chin-Kiang, then on the millions of Honan, and on still further to the forty millions Szchuan, from east to west, from north to south, everywhere one and the same intelligible utterance of eternal truth. In the propagation of influence this is a fact of boundless efficiency.—' The Standand.'

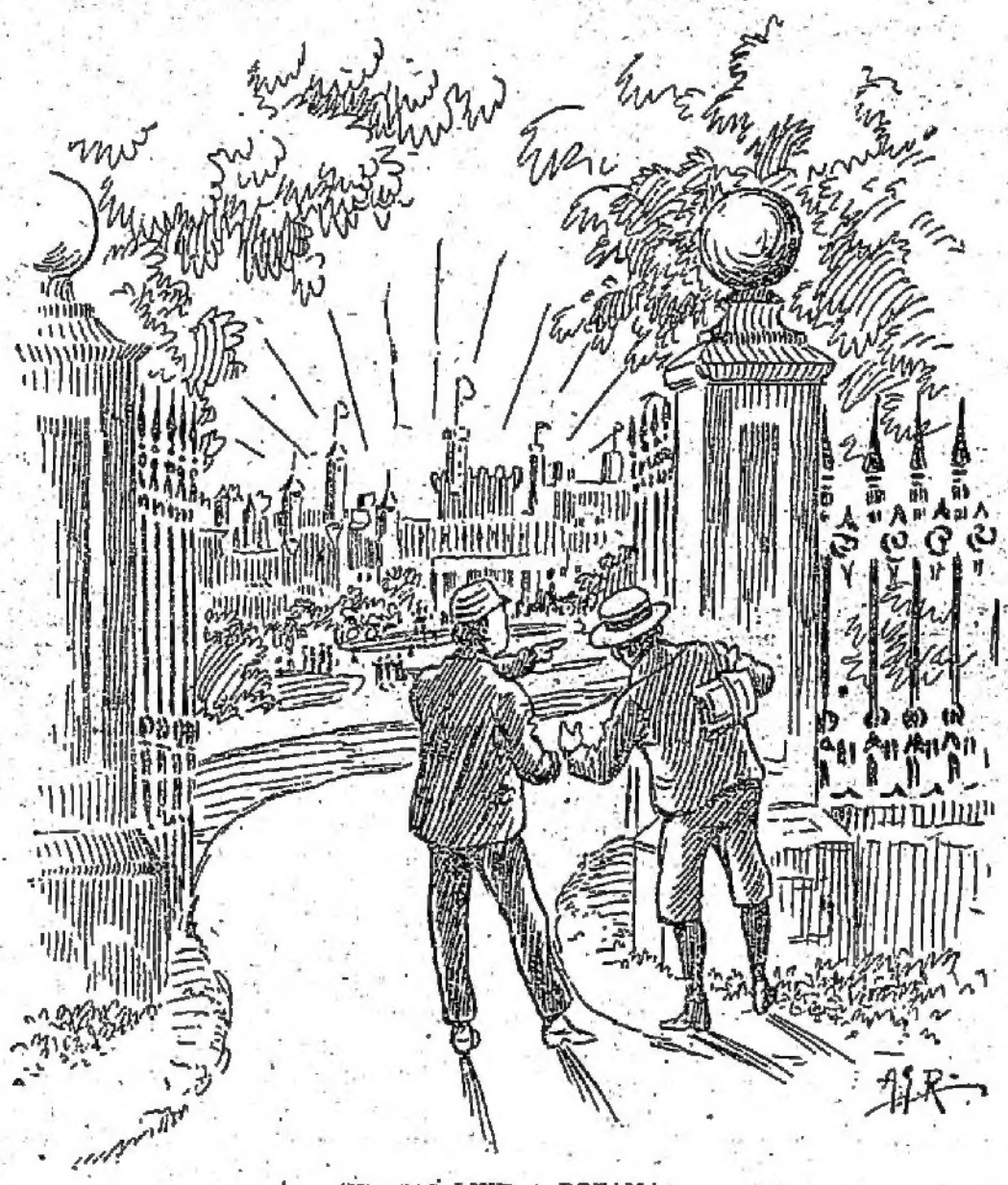
Boys and Girls.

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

The Castle of Dipso in the Land of the Stulti.

By John Underhill.

There is a Fairy Land that lies far away beyond mortal ken; a land of wonders far surpassing the visions of Arabian Nights; a land of beings far more extraordinary than those met with by Gulliver; a land of mysteries, beside which all that Rip Van Winkle beheld in Stoney Hollow would seem mere fable; a land of histories, where the real and the ideal blend, like the day and the night in the grey of twilight; a land where tales are told that not even the ventursome Baron Munchausen would have dared to relate. To the fairy land I would invite the young; and when from out its mass of legends I have chosen and unfolded one for them, I desire that they store it away in



'IT WAS LIKE A DREAM.'

their memories, and that years hence, when they become men—and I shall be forgotten—they will recall the story of the Castle of Dipso, and repeat it for their children. Perchance they may now be amused with this quaint tale of the Stulti people; then, most assuredly, they will be able to solve it as a problem and read it with the spectacles of life's experience instead of the wondering eyes of childhood's imagination.

To tell them who the inhabitants of that fairy land are would be useless; suffice to say that their name is legion, and that they are of all ages, creeds, colors, sizes and sexes—just as the people of any country we know, America we will say—and they are called, why, I cannot tell, the 'Stulti.' For the children that land is far, far away; and it is to be hoped that—save in the pages of story—they may never know it. May their path never lead to the great, grand, gloomy Castle of Dipso! For the others, that invisible land, that ghoul-like people, and that many-chambered castle, are all nearer than they think. To go down to that region we must now pass by the 'Lake of the Dismal Swamps,' we must leave behind us:—

'The dark tarn of Auber,
And the misty, mid-region of Weir.'

into which, with Psyche, his soul, poor Poe once travelled,

'In his most immemorial year.'

I will tell the story I have chosen in the language of one who lived in that land, who knew its people, and who visited many times the grim Castle of Dipso. I met him by the sea shore one bright summer evening; he was a lonely man and walked slowly to and fro for long hours; like 'Eugene Aram,' he seemed to avoid all human society and like the 'Prisoner of Chillon,' his hair was grey, but not with years. I pitied the young-old man in his solitary sadness; so, with a desire to cheer him, I joined in his walk. At first he seemed anxious to avoid me, but finally seeing that I intended no intrusion, he allowed me to keep him company. By degrees we became more confidential, and at last, seated on a rock, with the tide plashing at our feet, the sea-breeze bestirring our hair, the sun slowly setting in the west, the moon calmly rising in the east, immensity above us, immensity around, he told me—in that deep, solemn tone of his, a tone once heard never to be forgotten, the following story of the 'Land of the Stulti and the haunted Castle of Dipso.'

THE LONE MAN'S STORY.

When I was a boy—thus spake the story-teller—I lived with my parents, father and mother, and one sister, in a pleasant little cottage situated amidst lofty, grand, old woods and by the shore of a mirror-like lake, in a land that you have never seen and which I shall never revisit. Few were our neighbors and fewer my young companions. My first education was imparted to me by my mother; but when I grew older and began to pass from childhood to what may be called youth, my good parents resolved to send me to school. It was several miles from our peaceful home to the place where school was kept; two roads led thither. Strange to say, I was only shown one of these roads; it was a narrow and winding

path through the woods, very lonely, but gaily bedecked with flowers and crossed, here and there, by little silver streams. The other was seemingly a wider, more travelled, and (as I thought) a shorter way. Yet for several years I went and came by the sylvan path, and although I used to hear my companions at school talk about the fine residences, the gay scenes along the highway, still I never once disobeyed my parents, but kept to my little flower-strewn woodland path. So often had I gone and returned by my own way that it seemed to me as if the blue birds in the bushes and the rooks in the tall elms knew me, and knowing my hours, were always prepared to welcome me with their twitter or their loud cawing; the nimble squirrel would hop along the branches and as I went by, perched away above me, with a nut between his tiny paws and his bushy tail over his back, would chatter a salutation; the hare would make a few zig-zag leaps from my path, and from a mossy knoll, seated upon his long hind legs, wagging his pointed ears, would watch me with his little black eyes; all nature, animate and inanimate, afforded me companions and friends, and I enjoyed their company as I never since enjoyed that of other beings.

Curiosity! thou sly deceiver; how many and many hast thou not led astray and lured to destruction! One day I asked a school-fellow to tell me about the famous Dipso Castle, for I loved—like all children—the wonderful, and I had heard much of late about this strange place. He looked at me in real astonishment, and merely replied that I must know as much as he did about it, since I had to pass it daily on the highway going home. I then informed him that I never yet had come or gone by the highway. At this piece of news he was still

more surprised; and, then and there, he proposed that we should return that evening by the main road, and he would point me out the grand ivory and gilded doors, the

polished granite pillars and the glorious arches and domes of the famed Castle of Dipso. I was young; curiosity was strong; there could be no harm in looking at the outside of a castle; no one at home would be the wiser, for I could take a short cut across the fields and reach our house by my usual path. I did not reflect that since my parents had forbidden me to go by the highway there must be some danger, unknown to me, lurking along it. Man's first sin was disobedience, and curiosity led to it; so with me—the first false step in life was taken through disobedience stimulated by curiosity. There was apparently no harm in going home by another road and visiting a much talked-of scene: methinks that my life's catastrophe began that day. 'Take one false step at the beginning of life,' said a good old Quaker once, 'and thee will go on staggering till the end.'

That pleasant autumn afternoon I took the first false step; listen to the sequel! At four o'clock my companion and I started homewards, along the highway, and past Dipso Castle. It was a glorious evening, just such a glorious evening

'As Florence might envy,
So rich was the lemon-hued air.'

Our spirits were light and our hearts beat gaily as we tramped along, he pointing out to me and I admiring and wondering at the many novelties which a new world seemed to reveal to me. After passing by cozy cottages, stately dwellings, goodly acres, and elegant parterres, we finally saw, gilded by the rays of the setting sun, the distant dome and the sparkling turrets of the fairy-haunted Castle of Dipso. At first sight I was struck with the external beauty and wondrous grandeur of that imposing structure. But if at a distance it was glorious to contemplate, on nearer approach it became enchanting to behold. What perfection of detail; the alabaster columns, with capitals carved, as Keats would say, 'with many a quaint device,' birds, beasts, serpents and 'huge jaw of nameless monster;' archways of the Gothic, Ionic, and Doric styles—all combined; windows with Venetian blinds, gilded and of richest rosewoods and mahogony, calculated to keep out the glare of day, while exteriorly scintillating in the rays of light; marble stairways with porphyry banisters, ending in carved lions of most exquisite workmanship; fountains of crystal-like jets playing amongst flowery avenues! Was it a dream? I feared to stir lest the vision might melt into air, like the fairy castles built by wizard hands along Manzanares and Guadalquiver. All thought of home, of the hour, of my parents fled. My companion told me that his uncle was a waiter in the Castle and some day, he would coax him to let us go in. How glorious, I thought! But I could not tear myself away from the scene, until the last rays of the departing sun faded in the west, and as the stars in the blue dome above began to peep out, one by one, the electric lights in the Castle began to fling their splendours upon the picture of elfdom. The shutters were thrown open, and, while gorgeous carriages drawn by spanking horses, driven by liveried servants and occupied by beauty, wealth and rank, dashed up the main avenue to the grand entrance, I could see the shadows flitting, backwards and forwards, across the frescoed walls of the great halls within. But from my position I could only see the shadows; what would I not give to behold the living beings?

But my companion now reminded me that it was growing dark and I was still far from home. I was forced to tear myself away from the scene of enchantment, and just as music with its 'voluptuous swell' began to awaken the echoes of the place I was obliged to depart. It was later than usual when I reached home; I excused myself with a white lie, I said that I had remained to play and did not notice the time passing until it began to grow dark. My parents were satisfied, and I retired to bed—not to sleep, but to live over and over again tho moments spent in front of the Castle of Dipso. My life was changed from that hour! Home seemed no longer the same cozy retreat, the same charmed abode of peace and love; school had lost all its attractions, save inasmuch as it would afford me an opportunity of stealing a glimpse *now and again* at the enchanted abode of all earthly pleasures; the woodland path became long and uninteresting, the flowers were no longer bright and odoriferous, the birds had no songs of jubilee for me, and

'THEY SEEMED TO KNOW ME.'

even the squirrels and hares became more shy and distrustful. A change had come over the spirit of my life-dream; but was it a cloud or a morning ray of hitherto-unknown glory that caused the transformation? Truly did Campbell sing:

'Coming events cast their shadows before.'

(To be continued.)

A Random Thought.

A dreamer dropped a random thought,
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.

It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life—a beacon ray—
A monitory flame.

The thought was small, its issue great,
At watchfire on the hill;
It shed its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd,
That thronged the daily mart;
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart.

A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath;
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.

—Charles Mackay.

I've Done My Best.

Rev. George Coates in 'The Christian.'

One morning, somewhat early, I was aroused by a knock at the door, and going to see what was wanted, found a young woman weeping. In answer to my enquiry as to what was the matter, she said, 'Oh, sir, will you come and see a young man? He is my husband, and the doctor says he's dying.' She told me where they lived, and shortly afterwards I found the house. It was a working man's home, and in bed lay the husband, evidently at the end of a rapid decline.

'Well,' said I, 'here you are then!' 'Yes, here I am, but I don't think that I shall be here much longer. I've kept thinking that I should get better, but they tell me now that I have got to go.'

'Well, you know, having to go is the lot of us all; but to whom are you going, and to what?' 'I think that's all right,' was his reply; 'I'm hoping that I am going to heaven.'

I told him that I was glad to hear that, and that there was no doubt of his getting there if his hope was centred in Christ Jesus, such hope being the anchor of his soul. I was a little surprised as he replied, 'Well, you see, I never did anyone any harm, and I've tried to pay my way and be honest, and I think that as I've done my best, God will not cast me out at last.'

'But,' said I, 'do you feel that you are a sinner?'

'No, I don't.'

'Look here, my friend,' said I, 'God's Word says that you're a sinner, and when it becomes a question as to your word or His, I'll take His before yours.' At this he got cross, and said, 'You may think what you like, but you won't convince me that after the sort of life I've lived, I'm a sinner.'

With that I got my Bible and began to read—'For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.' 'If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.' 'There is none righteous, no not one.' And then I asked him what he thought of that. 'Then I'm a sinner after all,' was his reply.

'And now, listen again,' said I. 'The soul that sinneth it shall die.' Then such a look of pain crossed his face as he said in sorrowful tones, 'If that's the case, I'm a sinner, and I'm lost.'

'Well, what are you going to do now?' was my next question. The tears came into his eyes as he said, 'I don't know; I suppose it will just have to be as it is.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'and this is how it is. "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost," and "the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."' Again and again I repeated the words, then prayed with him, and left him.

I called again in the evening, and found him sinking rapidly, but there was such a glad look on his face. On my asking him how he was, he said, 'I'm only a poor sinner, and I'm dying, and am lost, but trusting in the blood of Jesus.' When I called the next morning, I found that he had gone to join the countless host who had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

The Dean of the Boston University law school has posted the following notice in the vestibule of the law school building:

'Students who are unwilling to give up the use of tobacco while in this building may withdraw, and the proper proportion of their tuition fees will be returned upon demand. Further discussion in addition to what has been held seems unnecessary.'

The New Teacher.

The village of Slowton is introduced to the traveller by a long, winding beautiful country road, flanked on either side by oaks and elms. Two white cottages, with gardens, add picturesqueness to the scene. In the first cottage lived a widow and daughter named Hornblower, the daughter, Susan, being 'educated,' and having original ideas. She always called the cottages 'the prelude' to the village, which is a mile and a half beyond; 'And,' she would say, 'I prefer the prelude. It is a duet. The rest is a poor, straggling chorus.'

Susan played the organ and led the heterogeneous choir in the little church of Slowton. The regular organist having gone to London, Susan had offered herself as his substitute, and much to the chagrin of the musical portion of the hearers, remained.

At this time there came to Slowton the new schoolmistress. She rented the other white cottage, and the widow called on her. 'Indeed,' said she, 'you are as welcome as the flowers in May! Susan not having any one she can mix with.'

'Is it an unsociable place?' asked the teacher, twinkling all over.

'It's not that,' was the reply. 'It's Susan's higher education and beautiful accomplishments, as you may say. And you, though you have none, but must drill the A B C into a lot of thickheads, will be better than no one; though it's hard for Susan, with her talents.'

'It must be,' said the little teacher, quietly.

'She's not much for you,' said her mother to Susan after her call. 'Hasn't two long words to say for herself.'

Sunday found the little teacher very reverent, very quiet, in church.

'What do you think of Susan?' asked the widow after the service, 'though I only ask you out of compliment to a stranger. Susan's beyond criticism, as one of the gentlemen from London said.'

'That is quite true,' said Miss Allen, 'so I will not give my poor opinion.'

When the organist and the school mistress walked in company a few evenings after this, the former burst out with—

'If I could believe my own eyes, you were on your knees when I peeped through the blind before I knocked. Yes, you were!' she cried, seeing the other's rising color.

'Yes, I was,' said the schoolmistress, driven to bay.

'Were you praying?' asked Susan, callously.

'Yes, and praising. Thanking God for a happy day.'

'Oh, you are a queer one!' cried Susan. 'Well, I never need do that. My life's a life of praise—come to that. Though I never thought of it that way before.'

'Yes,' assented the little teacher, 'if it comes from your heart. But praise can never take the place of prayer. It should follow the results of all true prayer. Don't you think so?'

'I'm wrapped up in my playing all the time,' said Susan: 'I feel inspired as I play—I can think of nothing else.'

'Oh, I should feel so hungry and alone if I had nothing to ask and to tell God,' said the little teacher. 'He satisfies the longing soul as no other can. I've had such a happy day!'

The rapture in her face confused the organist—she could not understand it, but she saw it and commented on it—'Pooh!' she cried, 'I see it all—you're in love!'

'Yes, that is quite true,' said the little teacher, 'Good-night!'

A short time after this, the widow observed to Susan, 'Though she's not accomplished, Belle Allen's about the happiest little creature I've ever known. She fills this little place with light when she comes here. She's never lonely, for she's always doing something for someone.'

'I suppose,' replied Susan, shortly, 'you'd have me like her? It's not in my way of genius to like drudgery.'

'No. I suppose not,' said her mother; 'but what a comfort that little thing would be to her mother, if she had one!'

That evening the little teacher asked Susan if she would lend her the organ key for an hour. Susan stared and said, 'Well, I suppose you won't do it any harm. Your feet won't touch the pedals! But I like your ambition!'

By-and-by, out of curiosity, she trudged through the snow, and reached the church, but before entering stopped in amaze. Someone was playing, 'O Rest in the Lord,' and surely—was it an angel who was singing? Susan had never heard anything like it before. She pressed her throbbing heart. 'Oh,' she cried, 'who can it be?' She stole noiselessly into the church, and there sat the little teacher, playing and singing too, and filling the church as with a choir of angels. The hot tears of shame rolled down Susan's face as she fled home.

Late that night, when the widow was asleep, Susan crept into the other cottage, and found the little teacher darning children's frocks and jackets. 'I am not in bed yet,' she explained cheerfully, 'for I did want to finish these. It helps their mothers.' It was a somewhat mixed speech, but it was plain to Susan, who threw herself into an attitude of grief at the other's feet. 'Oh,' she sobbed, 'I'm not fit to live! A vulgar, poor, mean wretch as I am; but it's over now!' The little teacher did not understand Susan, but she soothed her, and sympathised with her until she was quieter.

'Oh,' said the poor organist, 'you've broken my heart. All these years I've been hard and cold, and known nothing of God; but to-night your beautiful voice spoke straight to my soul. I saw Jesus, and when you sang, "He was despised," I felt as if I had been blind, and now could see—see myself a hideous sinner, and you, whom I have wronged, as an angel.'

'Hush! dear,' said the little teacher. 'We must not talk of ourselves, nor grow morbid, analysing and criticizing the various attitudes of our own souls, as if there was nothing else to be done but to look within. You have been awakened, and God is waiting to teach you.'

'I shall never touch the organ again,' sobbed Susan. She was too full of her shame to think of anything else just then. But as the night wore on, she grew calm, and presently slept. In the morning she awoke, confused.

'Oh,' she said, 'I am with the little teacher, who has so gently led me to the Great Teacher! How much I have to learn—how less than nothing I know! It is a change!'

On Sunday afternoon, Susan was at her place at the organ, but though Susan played it was not Susan's playing. A reverent simplicity distinguished it, and when the little teacher took her place in the choir, and, lifting her voice, led all the others, the squire's lady said, "It was beautiful! Quite a cathedral service, only more simple and sacred, it seemed to me. How is it?"

That was what everybody asked; but they soon knew. Susan—the new Susan—helped Miss Allen in the school on Monday, and the children told their mothers, 'Oh, she's quite nice—not a bit proud, now.'

The little teacher and Susan began organ and choir practice together; then they got a meeting for prayer among the choir members, and as it was a live meeting, many who came found out how dead they were, and longed to live. The Spirit of God went heart searching through the little village. He met widow Hornblower through her daughter.

'Such a comfort as she's turned out to be,' said the widow, pathetically, 'And she don't think nothing of her fine accomplishments, now—just cossets her old mother.'

Susan took the plate off the gate; but in a few months she had so many lessons that she had to refuse pupils.

The little teacher and she were inseparable. Susan says:—'Sisters in God. She has taught me all I know of myself and of Him; of music, and of service; of duty, and of obedience. I shall always be learning while I have my little teacher.'—M. B. Gerds in the 'Christian.'

A Good Suggestion.

A friend was deploring the fact that she had come away from home for a day or two and forgotten her book, and so could not fill in her half hour. When I inquired, 'What half hour?' she replied, 'Oh, I belong to a Half-Hour Club, in which the members promise to spend half an hour of every day on some solid, instructive book,—history, travel, science, etc.'

And then it occurred to me, 'Why couldn't that same idea be used to advantage in missionary societies?' For it is, first of all, after love of Christ, information that we want that begets love of the work; and if we love the work we shall find it easy to do and give for it. For to many people, alas, missions and the heathen are abstract quantities—a remote and scarcely acknowledged obligation to be taken up and considered when everything-else around us has been straightened out and set in order. So I propose that societies make to themselves 'Half-hour Clubs' for missionary reading from among their members of those who are willing to join; each one pledging herself to half an hour's reading a day, the account being rendered at each meeting of the society to the secretary. We can, many of us, find unread books on the subject in our own homes that we have carelessly passed over.

With half an hour each day spent upon such lives as John G. Paton, Mackay of Uganda, Livingstone, Scudder, and others, and histories of missionary work and experiences that read in many cases like stories, societies will come to feel that the work of Christ in foreign lands is a tangible and an imperative duty, and will be inspired by the examples of these devoted lives to do all that in them lies for the furtherance of the kingdom.—'Mission Gleaner.'

Obedience in Service.

Two angels waiting, stood before the throne,
Summoned for service. 'Go,' the mandate said,
'To yon far world: find on his dying bed
A child; convoy him hither. Overthrown
Through stress of war, a conquered king makes moan,
Gather the wasted people whom he led,
And rule and guide the kingdom in his stead.
Choose ye which service ye shall make your own.'

Then each made haste to answer: 'When God's voice
Utters the least command, or great or small,
Our eager wills can never know a choice.
Enough for us that we may serve at all;
Whether to soothe a child, or rule a state,
Only obedience makes the service great.'
—Margaret J. Preston, in 'Temperance Record.'

A Talk on Propriety.

'Pansy,' that well known and much loved writer, is giving in the 'Golden Rule' a series of weekly talks to Christian Endeavorers. The following appears in the Christmas number of that paper:—

'I wish you would give us a paper or two on propriety. There are so many little things that we should like to know.'

'O, do tell the young people to beware of the beginnings of evil, the little things that do not seem so very wrong.'

The quotations above cover a good deal of ground, because they stand for the same thought, repeated in various forms, coming to me from about twenty different correspondents. Clearly we should spend a little time on that matter of propriety. By that I mean now something more important than how to enter a room, or address a note, or eat one's soup. I mean, to put it very plainly, propriety of conduct between young ladies and gentlemen. Do not frown, please, and declare that you have no need of hints in that direction. Have you any idea how badly it sounded when you shouted to 'Charlie' across a crowded street the other day, and beckoned him to you? No matter if he were twice your cousin, believe me, it would have been better to have waited until you overtook him, or, unless a matter of grave importance was at stake, to have missed him altogether, rather than to give such a lesson in propriety. It was a pity, too, to lean across him as you did at the concert, and rest your hand familiarly on his knee while you conversed with Kate. Yes, I know, he is really the same as your brother; never mind, he is not your brother; and, if he were, not all the girls that were watching you would have known it. Charlie himself is learning carelessness from you. Does he not lean his arm familiarly on the back of your seat, so close to your shoulder that a censorious looker-on might report that he had it around you? Does he not help himself to your handkerchief, and your glove, and snatch at your bouquet, and bend very close, sometimes, to breathe its perfume, and do a hundred other little careless acts that he and you think nothing about, and that, strictly speaking, cannot be marked 'Propriety?'

Prudish, are we? Undoubtedly some will think so; yet I recall a question one young lady has asked, 'Can a girl be too careful of her conduct before others?' I feel like replying without qualification, 'No, she cannot.' I do feel strongly on this subject; I am glad of the opportunity to sound a note of warning.

Last summer I spent many evenings in a great amphitheatre where thousands of people gathered nightly. I found it a place in which to study character. How they chattered and laughed, those young people! and not only eat caramels and buttercups, and even peanuts (!) before the lectures or concerts commenced; but sometimes even the sublimest strains of music had like accompaniments. How loud they talked! How eagerly they contradicted one another! 'I say it isn't!' 'Tis, too!' 'Give me that!' (followed by a snatch); 'I shan't!' and like elegancies of speech floated about disturbed ears. Generally there was a gentleman seated between two ladies, assisting in these extra entertainments. The 'snatching' seemed to be specially interesting; and, if the fair snatcher had her hand caught and held in a strong masculine grasp, it but added to the amusement.

This being the conduct for lectures and concerts, imagine what resulted when stereopticon entertainments were in order, and the electric lights were turned out!

Not only in such public places, but in street-cars, ferry-boats, omnibuses, railway trains, and the like, one sees exhibitions of—shall we call it carelessness? Very often it is nothing but that. The gay young people, away from the restraining influences of home and older friends, simply forget themselves in the intoxication of the moment's fun, and say and do and permit that which in quieter moments they would condemn in others.

Dear careless young girls, who have not a thought of evil, to whom 'Charlie' and 'Fred' and half a dozen other schoolboy friends seem almost like your brothers, remember you are establishing precedents. The eyes of more ignorant, less-sheltered girls than you are upon you, sometimes half in scorn, because they know the world better than you do.—and you are thereby injuring your influence over them,—but oftener, I fear, with the intention of quoting you to their consciences as licenses for that conduct that would bring the blush of shame to your cheeks.

There is a great deal of honest ignorance in the world that cultured carelessness may foster. For instance, one young woman wants to know whether I think it wrong for her to allow her gentleman friends to kiss her good-night! Now confess that you did not believe that respectable people had any such ideas in these days.

At the risk of having a shower of indignant protests fall upon me, I am going to hint that the precedents established by the modern dance have much to answer for, which many of its admirers know nothing about. If you think I am mistaken, take up the subject for careful reading and study. Inform yourselves of what has been.

But I did not mean to enter into this phase of the question. What we want—in truth, the very least that we have a right to expect from Endeavorers—is such daily living that it will be entirely safe for girls, however young, however ignorant, to follow their examples. Did you read carefully the second quotation I gave? It was taken from a deeply solemn letter written by a woman that knew only too well the importance of the warning she wanted sounded.

Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that thou would'st take from me
Aught of its load;

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed—
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand
And follow thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through Peace to Light.

—Adelaide Anne Procter.

The Queer Preacher.

Well, I daresay you say, 'Who was he? What was his name, and where was his church?' And you will be a little bit surprised when I tell you the Queer Preacher had no church, and wasn't a 'he' at all. The Queer Preacher was an 'it.' All the same, the sermon was a very good one, and more than that, it produced an immediate result, which, let me tell you, is not the case with all sermons, however eloquent they may chance to be. The Queer Preacher was a photograph camera—not one of the big box-on-three-legs kind which you have often seen, and, I doubt not, stood in front of to have your likeness taken, but just one of those neat, tiny little pocket-cameras that so many people nowadays carry about with them. That was the preacher, and the sermon was a photograph which it took, while the congregation (if one boy can be called a congregation) was Tom Henshaw, the butcher's son. And now that you know all that, I shall soon tell you the rest.

It all happened in this wise. Tom Henshaw was sixteen, and he was beginning to think himself far too much of a man to go to Bands of Hope or drink water, as he had done during the last fifteen years of his life, any longer. His father was a strict Temperance man, and had brought up Tom to be just the same; but, as we all know, it sometimes happens that boys, and girls too, get to think that they are wiser than their fathers and mothers, and so Tom imagined that his good old father was out of date with his Total Abstinence notions altogether. Joe Ross, the ostler down at the Red Lion, said so, and so did Harry Percival, the saddler's assistant at the shop on the other side of the road; and, of course, they were much younger than the cheery butcher, and consequently more likely to know what was what. But it rather slipped foolish Tom's observation, that whereas his father thrived and had clothes to wear, a comfortable home to live in, and money in the bank, his brilliant friends, Joe and Harry, were out at elbows, and could never keep a situation three months when they had one; and when they urged him every time they met him to come and have a drink with them, Tom grew daily less able to withstand their arguments. At last one market afternoon he yielded altogether, and disappeared with his new comrades inside the porch of the Red Lion, greatly to the grief and trouble of worthy old Jacob Henshaw, who heard the news as he walked along the High Street half an hour later.

Now Jacob was a wise old man, notwithstanding all Tom's ideas to the contrary, so he did not make any great fuss or storm when he got home. Not at all. But he went to a certain cupboard in the best parlor and got out his nice little pocket-camera, and sat down with it in his hand on the garden-seat to watch till Tom came home. He had to wait a good while, for it is one thing going into a public-house, children, and quite another coming out; but at last Tom was seen coming up the street with a very red face, and a strange unsteadiness in his gait. He hadn't enjoyed himself so very much after all, and somehow the whole of the wages which his father gave him for helping in the shop was gone for that week, and he felt pretty miserable all round. When he woke next morning he felt both sick and sorry, for Tom was not a bad boy at bottom, and he hung down his head when his father looked at him. But old Jacob said very little that day, or the next either, and Tom felt very uncomfortable about it. He would have rather had a good scolding, he thought, than this strange

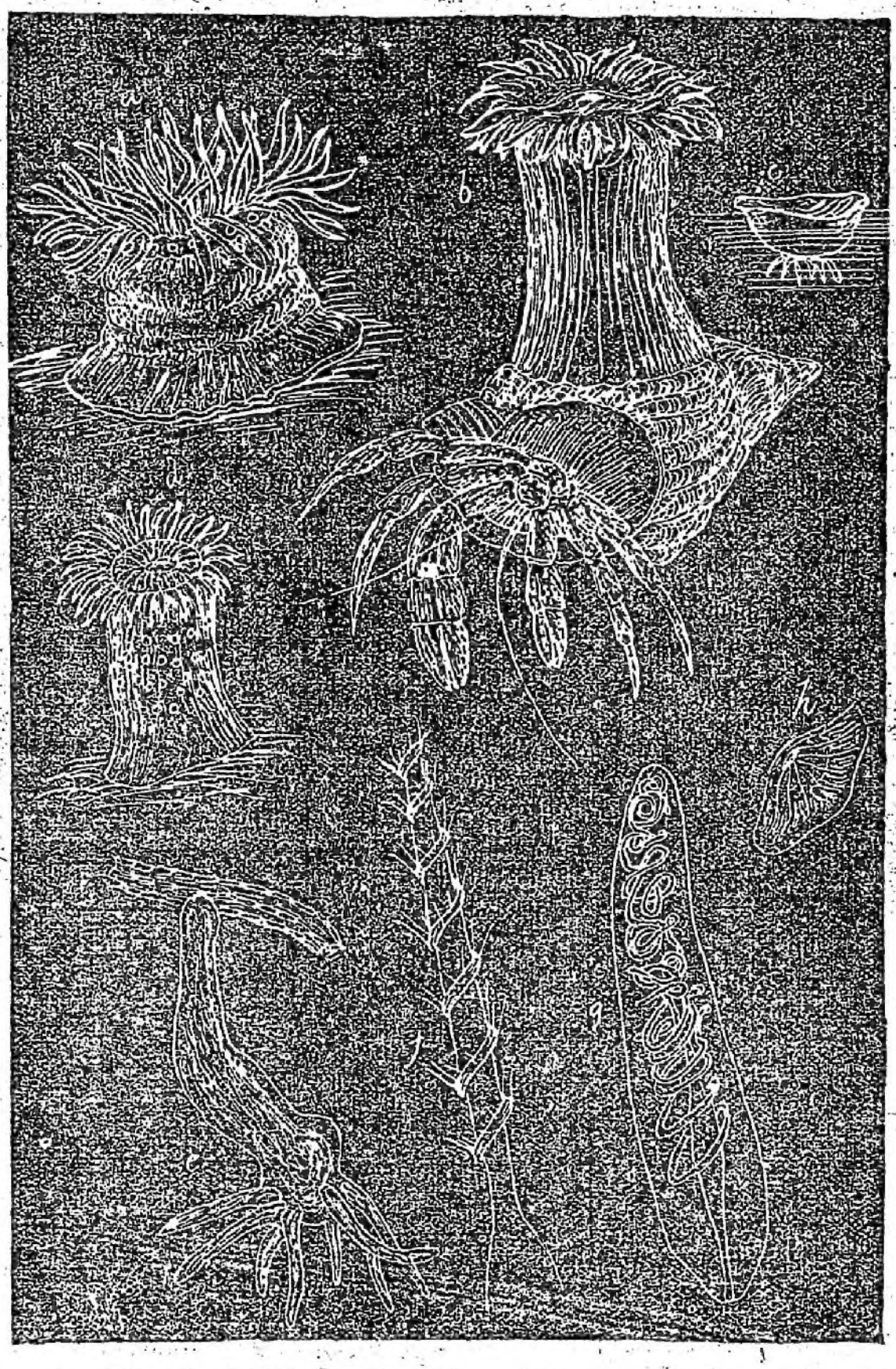
Boys and Girls.

Flower Animals.

A CHAT WITH THE YOUNG FOLKS.

(Rev. W. Williams, F.L.S., in 'The Spectator,' Australia.)

We have had some talk about animals which looked like plants, but they were small; we will now chat about larger ones. Among the most striking of these are the 'Sea-anemones,' as they are called, of which there are drawings lettered a, b, c, d. The



scientific name for them is Actinozoa, meaning the animals with rays. These 'rays,' or arms, are often richly colored, so that they form striking objects. The animals may be found in the little rock pools left full of sea water by the ebbing tide, or in crevices of seaside rocks, not too high to be covered at high tide.

There are three main parts of their body—the base, by which they attach themselves to the rocks; the column, or upright portion; and the disc, or top, carrying the rays. By means of the base the animal is able to move about. He stretches out one side of it, making it oval, and fastens that part to the rock, then, contracting it, and making it round again, the whole body is pulled up to it. By this means he is able to take tiny steps. But he can swim too. He turns a somersault in the water so as to hang with the rays downwards. He then hollows out the base in such a way as to make it look like an egg shell cut in two lengthwise, and then he floats on the water, having made his body into a boat as at c. The column contains the stomach, where the food is digested, and the disc has the mouth in the very centre of it. In d it can be easily seen. Insects and pieces of meat placed on the disc are soon drawn in and eaten. When 'shell-fish' are carried to the mouth they are drawn into the body whole, and when the soft parts are digested, the empty shells are thrown out again.

In order to see these sea anemones properly they must be viewed under water, for then only do they open their rays, and show their color. When lifted out of the water they draw into the body all the beautiful arms which make them look so much like living flowers, and give them their attractiveness. Figure h is one of these animals closed up, something as a flower closes its cup when night comes on and the light fades. The reason why they open under the sea water is easy to remember. They must have food; the food floats in the water, therefore the animal unfolds its arms to catch it, and opens its mouth to receive it. Where there is no water there is no food, and the animal, knowing that, simply folds up its arms until it feels water around it again.

I told you that the animal can both walk and swim, but there is one sort which believes in riding, and no doubt gets about a good deal faster in that way. He selects a shell of good size into which a hermit crab has pushed himself. Now this crab has strong claws, but the hinder part of its body has no shell, so that he is in danger of being wounded and killed for the want of it. He therefore finds a shell that will do, pokes his tail into it, and backs in till his body is inside, then drags the shell about with him, quite secure from enemies. Should he be attacked, he backs right into the shell out of the danger. He has a very large, strong claw, and he just puts that in the opening of the shell to prevent his enemies from getting in, the only part of him visible being this great claw. Well, this sea-anemone finds a shell with a crab in it, then he fixes himself upright on the shell, and is in that way carried about to pick up his food. He is called 'parasitica,' but he is not really a parasite, but only a rider. If he lived on the food the crab caught he would be a real parasite; but as he catches it for himself, the name is not quite correct, though convenient. At b you will see a sketch of a crab carrying a sea-anemone on the shell which it has chosen for its home, and may notice the large claw with which he fills the opening of his shell, so as to form a strong front door for his protection.

There are several kinds of sea-anemones, of different colors and shapes, with different forms of arms, and with their arms variously arranged, but they are all of the same general plan, a foot or base by which most of them fasten themselves to rocks or other objects, a column with a distinct stomach inside, a set of arms at the top of the column, and a distinct mouth among the arms. You will see that these animals are higher than those of which we have talked before, as there is always one opening at which food is received, and one fixed place where the food is digested. The use of the arms is to catch food, and as the mouth is always in the midst of them you will see how nicely it is arranged that every arm or ray shall be able to carry food to that mouth. These arms are really tubes, and sometimes have an opening at the very tip.

One of the most peculiar facts about sea-anemones is their power of throwing out little threads or wires from what are called the 'thread cells,' and these are the weapons of the animal. Other kinds of sea animals also have them, especially the 'jelly-fish,' so constantly seen floating in our bay, a sting from which is no pleasant experience.

It will be as well to say just here what these stinging weapons are like. In various parts of the body of sea-anemones there are tiny openings shaped something like a human eye, and out of these the anemone is able to shoot long fibres, which look like threads. If a piece is cut off and examined under a good microscope it will be seen that the thread (called acontium; that is, 'a javelin;' plural, acontia) carries a great number of little cells, shaped, more or less, like g in the drawing; that is, a long oval. Inside these cells is coiled a long tube, as shown in the drawing, which may be as much as forty times as long as the coil itself, or may not be more than three times as long, according to the kind of cell it is. If you look at f you will see a magnified picture of the coiled tube, which has hard-

ened bands of material twisted round it in spiral form, or like the thread of a screw, and on this band grow bristles, or barbs, like stiff and pointed hairs. When the thread is shot out of the eye-like openings, those cells on the thread in turn shoot out their tubes (shown coiled up in g and magnified at f), and the point enters the body of the object attacked, often going in very deep. The tube is therefore a kind of flexible spear; not only so, but it is a poisoned spear. A little fish speared in this way has been noticed to roll about in great agony, and die from the touch of this tiny weapon. I do not think the action of this instrument is perfectly understood yet, but it is most likely that the poison runs quickly through the tube and enters the wound in that way, but where it is kept until it is wanted does not seem to be quite known.

If you look again at g you will find that there is no opening in this cell, which is called Cnida (pronounced ni- da) that is 'a nettle.' How does the spear get out? Now I want you to learn a word, 'evert.' The boys will know how easy it is to turn the sleeve of a coat inside out. If you do that you will notice two things. First, that the inside of the sleeve is now outside, and then that the sleeve now projects from the inside of the coat instead of the outside as before.

Turn a sleeve inside out and you will see exactly what I mean. Now that sleeve is 'everted,' or turned inside out. So the tube gets out of the cell (Cnida) by eversion. It turns inside out like lightning, and just as the sleeve of a coat when everted stands on the other side of the coat, so the tube or spear when everted stands outside the cell instead of inside. Also the spiral band and bristles are inside the tube when it is coiled in the cell, and outside when it is everted, and so outside the cell. When the little spear has been shot out, it is turned back, or everted again, and coiled up just as it was at first, and the thread, or acontium, is also drawn in through the eye-like openings, and this wonderful performance is over till the spears are again wanted. So that the sea-anemone is provided with multitudes of little weapons, which are not only spears, but they are flexible, and get to work by turning inside out, and so get out of a cell which has no opening in it.

Look now at the bristles on the screw of the tube in f. You will see that they slope forward in the direction in which the spear will travel. But it is found that, in many cases, they begin at once to bend back, until they point backwards in the opposite direction. That means that, while those near the point will go into the flesh with the point, yet they at once fold themselves back, and then it is hard to pull the spear out until the poison has entered the wound and done its work. What a very wonderful contrivance is this weapon, and what a great artist God must be to devise all these marvellous things! And what a delight it is to find out His works! You see that, although the sea-anemone is so low an animal, yet God has given him means for obtaining his food, and weapons for beating off his enmies.

I must say a few words about the animal drawn at e. This is the hydra, and he is a sort of cousin of the sea-anemone, though lower down, a kind of poor relation. He lives in fresh water, and generally fixes himself on the stem of a water plant, and hangs head downwards. He has 'rays,' or arms, as you see, and a mouth in the midst of them. The wonderful thing about this hydra is the treatment he will stand before he will die. If you had one you might cut him in two across the body, and in a few days you would have two hydras instead of one, each part would grow into a perfect animal. If you even cut him into ten pieces, each piece would grow into a hydra, and you would have ten instead of one; very much as gardeners take a cutting from a vine, and plant it, and that bit of stick grows into a perfect vine. If he is cut down lengthwise, and not cut quite to the bottom, but a little of the flesh left joining the two halves, these halves will each close up, and you will have a double hydra swimming about. Then he has been turned inside out like a stocking, but it made no difference, he just caught his food as before; what was at first his skin acts as a stomach, and the stomach acts as skin, it is all one to him. In the Thames there is a little red worm of which hydras are very fond. Sometimes two get the same worm, one at the head and the other at the tail. They swallow half each, and then their heads meet; neither will let go, so one of them stretches his mouth, and swallows his brother hydra worm and all! After a time he gapes again, and the swallowed hydra pops out, and goes off to look for another worm! How wonderfully made are the animals that we regard as very insignificant! And in finding out what we can about the works of God, we find out also many things about God Himself.

Little People.

(By Mary T. H. Willard.)

The world will be what you make it,
Little people;
It will be as you shape it,
Little people.
Then be studious and brave,
And your country help to save,
Little people.

When we walk into the gray,
Little people,
And you into the day,
Little people,
We will beckon you along
With a very tender song,
Little people.

If war is in the air,
Little people,
When we make our final prayer,
Little people,
We will pass along to you
All the work we tried to do,
Little people.

So be valiant for the right,
Little people,
For a battle you must fight,
Little people;
'Twill be a glory when you win,
But to falter would be sin,
Little people.

Then be studious and brave,
Little people,
And your country help to save,
Little people,
From whiskey, rum and gin,
And the evils they bring in,
Little people.

(Poem written by Mrs. Mary Willard, Miss Willard's mother, at the age of eighty-five.)

Staying Power.

Delsie Downs stood on the corner of the road at the turnpike, waiting for the four o'clock stage to pass. When the old stage-driver reined up his horses to take in his passengers a look of surprise came over his face.

As he took Delsie's valise in his hand and held the stage door open for her to get in, he asked: 'Going visiting, Delsie?'

There were no other passengers that afternoon, and, as the young girl had known the old stage-driver all her life, she was glad to have some one to unburden her troubled heart to.

'I don't know, Mr. Davis, where I shall fetch up. I've started for the city. I've made up my mind that it is time for me to start for somewhere. The truth is that I cannot stand Aunt Mandy's aggravating ways another hour.'

The driver kept drumming on his dashboard while Delsie was talking. When she finished, he said: 'What's your Aunt 'Mandy going to do without you?'

'That's her lookout, Mr. Davis. She never appreciated anything I ever did for her. I didn't mind the work; I could get on with that well enough, but she is so unreasonable and fussy that she keeps me stirred up all the while. I want to go and work somewhere where folks are pleasant. Many a time I've gone upstairs and packed up my things, and said to myself: "Now I'll go to the city and get a situation; I won't stay and be imposed upon another hour." But when I began to pack up, I'd wonder what Aunt 'Mandy would do without me, for nobody else would go there and put up with her ways. Then I'd make up my mind to bear it a spell longer. But today she tantalized me so much that I just made up my mind that I'd go on, and I'm going.'

'Your Aunt 'Mandy must have took on bad when you left, Delsie?'

'She didn't know it, Mr. Davis. I'm so chicken-hearted that if I told her I was really going, and she made a fuss, I'd be just foolish enough to take off my things and stay.'

'You've done first-rate for the old lady, Delsie. All the folks in town will agree to that.'

'Why didn't any of them say so when they came in, and knew I was so tired? When anybody is trying to stand up under a crushing load, it would lighten it a good deal, I'm thinking, if somebody came in and gave a lift by a few words of encouragement. If folks thought I was doing anything worthy of mention, why didn't they tell me so once in a while? It would have helped me to endure it all.'

'Well, that's just what they ought to have done, Delsie. But I suppose they took it for granted that you knew you were doing good work. Folks take too much for granted in this world.'

'What a fuss folks made over Agnes Wilcox when she came home from college with the prize. And what a time there was over Lucy Whitcomb, Mr. Davis, when she came home visiting after she started that dressmakers' shop in the city, and did so well. That man who lectured at the schoolhouse last winter talked about going to work and finding out what there is in us, what strength of character we've got, and what we're capable of doing.'

'Well, now, Delsie, let me tell you it ain't half so hard to march behind the music as it is to trudge along without any tune. It takes lots more strength and Christian grace to put up with an aggravating body like your aunt 'Mandy than it does to go out and

pink, orange, and brown; like the pieces of his puzzle-map.

'I should like to see what the rill is like up there,' thought he.

He could hardly believe it was really water; and getting up, he ran along the road towards the mountain, with his eyes fixed upon the little silver thread.

Up the winding path, over the grassy slopes, crawling on his hands and knees when it was too steep or too slippery, with the little rill still high above him, rolling and curling and twisting down the mountain side.

It was the first mountain he had ever seen, and though it was not a very high one, it was not easy for a little fellow like him to find his way up.

'I shall get there at last,' said he, forgetting that he was hungry.

After clambering for a long, long while, he came to a place so narrow that he could stretch his arms across the little stream as it gushed out of the hillside.

'This must be the top,' cried he, clapping his hands with glee as he looked up through the rocks and saw the blue sky above his head.

His legs were bruised with the slips he had made in climbing, and he was so tired he was glad to sit down.

He had not long been resting when he began to feel very hungry.

So he began to try to get down; but this was harder even than getting up had been. The stones were so high and slippery that he clung to them lest he should fall.

'I want my dinner—I wish I could get down,' said he. 'But God will take care of me. He'll tell mother where I am.' So he put his lips to the small, cool stream and quenched his thirst; then dangling his legs over the edge of a great block of stone, he held his fingers in the water and watched it trickle slowly through them as he sang his mother's favorite hymn,—

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

The shades of evening were fast creeping up the mountain side, when he heard a loud, clear voice shout, 'Here he is!' and before many minutes Frank Wilson, the farmer's son, had him safe in his arms.

It was some time before his mother had missed him, and no one had thought of searching up the mountain for him till Frank had come in with his bundle of school books.

'I knew God would take care of me,' was what little Algie said.—'Children's Treasury.'

Showing Thanks.

How can little children show
Their thanks and their grateful love
For all the pleasures the year has brought,
From their Father in Heaven above?

Ah! if the angels could whisper
To the little ones apart,
They would tell them that more than all,
God loves the gift of the heart.
—'Sunday Hour.

Uncle Phil's Story.

'Tell us a story, Uncle Phil,' said Rob and Archie, running to him.

'What about?' said Uncle Phil, as Rob climbed on his right knee and Archie on his left.

'Oh, about something that happened to you,' said Rob.

'Something when you were a little boy,' said Archie.

'Once when I was a little boy,' said Uncle Phil, 'I asked my mother to let Roy and myself go out and play by the river.'

'Was Roy your brother?' asked Rob.

'No, but he was very fond of playing with me. My mother said yes; so we went and had a great deal of sport. After a while I took a shingle for a boat and sailed it along the bank. At last it began to get into deep water, where I couldn't reach it with a stick. Then I told Roy to go and bring it to me. He almost always did what I told him, but this time he did not. I began scolding him, and he ran towards home.

'Then I was angry. I picked up a stone and threw it at him as hard as I could.'

'Oh, Uncle Phil!' cried Archie.

'Just then Roy turned his head and it struck him.'

'Oh, Uncle Phil!' cried Rob.

'Yes. He gave a little cry and lay down on the ground.

'But I was still angry with him. I did not go to him, but waded into the water for my boat.

'But it was deeper than I thought. Before I knew it I was in a strong current. I screamed as it carried me down the stream, but no men were near to help me.

'But as I went down under the deep waters, something took hold of me and dragged me towards shore. It was Roy. He saved my life.'

'Good fellow! Was he your cousin?' asked Rob.

'No,' replied Uncle Phil.

'What did you say to him?' asked Archie.

'I put my arms around the dear fellow's neck and cried and asked him to forgive me.'

'What did he say?' asked Rob.

'He said, "Bow, wow, wow!"'

'Why, who was Roy, anyway?' asked Archie, in great astonishment.

'He was my dog,' said Uncle Phil—'the best dog I ever saw. I have never been unkind to a dog or to any other animal since, and I hope you will never be.'—'Our Dumb Animals.'

'By Their Fruits ye Shall Know Them.'

On board the flag-ship of a celebrated commander a complaint was made by the captain against a number of the crew for disturbing the ship's company by frequent noises. The admiral ordered an enquiry to be made. The accusation was, that these three men were Christians, and that when their watch was below they were in the constant habit of reading the Bible to each other aloud, and joining in social prayer, and singing psalms and hymns.

After the statement had been proved, the admiral asked, 'What is the general conduct of these men on deck—orderly or disobedient, cleanly or contrary?'

'Always orderly, obedient and cleanly,' was the reply.

'When the watch is called, do they linger, or are they ready?'

'Always ready at the first call.'

'You have seen these men in battle, sir; do they stand to their guns or shrink?'

'They are the most intrepid men in the ship, and will die at their post.'

'Let them alone, then,' was the decisive answer of the wise commander. 'If all Christians are such men, I wish that all my crew were Christians.'—'Buds of Promise.'

10

Temperance Catechism.

LESSON III.

1. Q. What is cider ?

A. Cider is a drink made from the juice of apples. When this juice is first pressed from the fruit it contains very little or no alcohol, but if exposed in a warm place it will begin to ferment in six or eight hours.

2. Q. Are the manufacturers of these drinks particular to use good fruit ?

A. As a rule they are not at all particular, but put in decayed fruit, which is already partially fermented.

3. Q. What are ferments ?

A. Ferments are those tiny particles floating in the air which cause decay and fermentation to all sweet liquids exposed to their influence.

4. Q. What is wine ?

A. The ferments which change sugar to alcohol are found on the surfaces of fruits. If the juices of such fruits as grapes and currants are pressed out the ferments are washed into them and change their sugar to gas and alcohol. The juices are then called wines.

5. Q. Are home-made wines intoxicating?

A. Certainly, if allowed to ferment, even though they contain none of those poisonous drugs which are generally put in.

6. Q. Can harmless wines be made ?

A. Yes, by boiling the juice to destroy the ferments and sealing it in bottles to prevent more ferments getting into it.

7. Q. What amount of alcohol is contained in cider ?

A. In one hundred parts of cider there are from five to seven parts of alcohol.

8. Q. What amount in beer ?

A. The same as in cider, five to seven per-cent.

9. Q. What amount in sherry wine ?

A. Sherry wine contains fifteen to twenty percent of alcohol.

10. Q. Give a proverb from the Bible about wine.

A. 'Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.'

Holes in Tumbletown.

BY W. W. LATHROPE, ESQ.

I had a dream which was not all a dream. I lived in a beautiful town. The people were generally happy. There was no poverty and very little crime.

On the principal street, a man named John Brute kept a store. He was very fond of money; so fond of it that his neighbors thought he was dishonest in his haste to get rich. He commenced building a coal vault under his sidewalk. He began the work by digging a deep hole in the sidewalk. One night he left this hole open and unguarded. A neighbor fell into it. John found him the next morning unconscious. He took all the money he could find in the unfortunate man's pockets. Then he called an ambulance and sent him to the hospital. The next night, another man fell into the hole, with the like result. A policeman called and notified John that he must put barriers around the hole at night. John said he would go before the town council that night and see them about it. He did so and offered to pay $500 a year for the privilege of keeping the hole open. Strange to say, a majority of the council voted to accept the offer, and it was accepted. John made money by robbing all the victims who fell into his hole. Other men became anxious to make money in the same way. They applied for the same privilege. The council passed an ordinance that any man of good moral character might be licensed to keep a hole open on the payment of $500 a year, and so the town became full of holes. The farmers and the people in neighboring villages called it 'Tumbletown.' The owners of the licensed holes grew rich. But those who fell into them grew poor. Whenever they fell in they were robbed. No one was killed by the first fall. But, strange to say, when a man fell in once he wanted to go near the hole again. There was some fascination about it. And so men fell in twice or thrice, and many were finally killed by the fall. So that widows and orphans increased and multiplied in Tumbletown. The owners of the holes were fond of luring boys and young men and even young women into their pitfalls. Many who fall in, after being taken out, felt a strange impulse to commit crime. They quarrelled, they abused their families, they committed murder. Crime increased frightfully in Tumbletown. A large jail had to be built, whereas a small lock-up had sufficed before the advent of the holes. The poorhouse was enlarged until it was four times as big as it was before. And a new and larger hospital was built.

Some of the Christian people, seeing the poverty and misery and crime produced by the licensed holes, devised measures for relief. Societies were formed, the members of which took a pledge never to fall into the holes. A few were saved in this way, but only a few. Institutions called 'cures' were established, where those who had fallen in, were sent, to be cured of their tendency to keep on falling in; but only a very few were saved by this means. The work of destruction went on. The men of Tumbletown continued to tumble into these holes, and their houses and fences continued to tumble down.

Finally, a councilman named Crank introduced a bill to repeal the license ordinance, to close up all holes and to prohibit the opening of any more. Strange to say, it was violently opposed. The friends of the existing ordinance called attention to the heavy increase in the public revenue because of the license fees. 'Yes,' said Mr. Crank, 'that is true, but nevertheless our taxes are heavier than ever, and our people, save the owners of the holes, are poorer than ever.' 'Well,' they rejoined, 'Mr. Crank was trying to restrict the personal liberties of the citizens of Tumbletown. The owners of the holes had a right to get a living. Nobody was obliged to tumble into them. But if any man wanted to tumble in, it was his inalienable right as an American citizen to do so.' Finally, the council decided to submit the proposed ordinance to a vote of the people. The newspapers did not discuss the matter, but allowed the friends and opponents of the measure to print their arguments as advertisements, and to pay for them. The Christians of the town were about evenly divided. Half of the clergy supported the prohibitory ordinance. Of the other half the majority kept silent. But some spoke out against it. The Rev. Dr. Sensational said that he was not going to butt his head against a stone wall. Moreover, he did not believe in removing temptation. Christians needed temptation so as to learn to resist it. The Rev. Dr. Silver Tongue said that he did not like to have his attention constantly called to the evils in the community. He preferred to look on the bright side of life. He would turn his gaze from the holes, and fix it upon the stars. He reminded his hearers that the angelic strains which startled the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem were now re-echoing round the world. The Rev. Mr. Handsome, who had some owners of holes in his congregation, said that the evil was great, but the remedy was inadequate. The new law could not be enforced. Prohibition would not prohibit. Wherever it had been tried the number of holes had increased. This was difficult to comprehend, but the reverend gentleman vouched for the statement.

Well, the day for voting on the prohibition ordinance arrived, and it was rejected by an overwhelming majority.

An absurd story this, you say. So it is. A lot of fools, you say, were the people of Tumbletown. So they were.

But I submit that this story illustrates precisely the way in which our government and our Christian people deal with the saloons.

There was not one redeeming feature about the holes in Tumbletown. They were bad and all bad. So there is not one redeeming feature about our saloons. They are bad and entirely bad. And yet they exist and thrive, turn men into brutes and happy homes into hovels, multiply crime and political corruption, and send thousands upon thousands to eternal woe, by permission of the State, and by the connivance of the great majority of our Christian voters.—'Episcopal Recorder.'

A Barrel of Whiskey.

A drayman rolled forth from his cart to the street
A red-headed barrel well bound and complete,
And on it red letters, like forked tongues of flame,
Emblazoned the grade, number, quality fame,
Of his world-renowned whiskey from somebody's still,
Who arrested the grain on the way to the mill.

So there stood the barrel, delivered, but I
Could see that a shadow was hovering nigh—
A sulphurous shadow that grew as I gazed
To the form of Mephisto. Though sorely amazed,
I ventured to question this imp of the realm
Where Vice is the pilot, with Crime at the helm,
And asked him politely his mission to name,
And if he was licensed to retail the same
Identical barrel of whiskey which he
Was fondly surveying with demoniac glee ?

'Oh, I never handle the stuff,' he replied.
'My partners, mortal, are trusty and tried.
Mayhap, peradventure, you might wish to look
At the invoice complete I will read from this book.
You will find that this barrel contains something more
Than forty-two gallons of whiskey, galore.'
And ere I could slip but another word in
He checked it off gayly, this cargo of sin:
'A barrel of headaches, of heartaches, of woes;
A barrel of curses, a barrel of blows;
A barrel of tears from a world-weary wife;
A barrel of sorrow, a barrel of strife;
A barrel of all unavailing regret;
A barrel of cares and a barrel of debt;
A barrel of crime and a barrel of pain;
A barrel of hopes ever blasted and vain;
A barrel of agony, heavy and dull;
A barrel of poison—of this nearly full;
A barrel of poverty, ruin and blight;
A barrel of terrors that grow with the night;
A barrel of hunger, a barrel of groans;
A barrel or orphans' most pitiful moans;
A barrel of falsehood, a barrel of cries
That fall from the maniac's lips as he dies;
A barrel of serpents that hiss as they pass
From the head on the liquor that glows in the glass—
My barrel, my treasure, I bid thee farewell.
Sow you the foul seed. I will reap it in hell!'

—'Trestleboard.'

silence. One day, a week later, however, old Jacob called him.

'Tom,' he said, 'I have something to show you. I have been taking some fresh photographs this week, and I want you to see one in particular. Come here.'

Tom came, and his father gave him the photograph into his hand. The boy gave one look, and got as scarlet as a peony.

'Father,' he gasped, 'was it as bad as that?'

His voice was trembling; and if Tom had not been such a big boy, I should have almost said he was crying.

'Yes, Tom,' old Jacob replied; 'that's how *you looked coming* up the street. Be warned in time, my boy, and have nothing more to do with strong drink. You see what it does to you.'

That was the sermon the camera preached to Tom; and he never forgot it, children. The Red Lion never saw him there again. —'Adviser.'

Home Libraries.

As the children grow up the books they once loved but have ceased to read begin to accumulate on the top shelves. They have the value of old association, but they do no real good. Why not make a 'Home Library' of them and confer a benefit far greater than you can easily estimate? Miss Kate Bond, of the King's Daughters and Sons, thus tells about the Home Library:

'The Home Library had its origin in a most natural and simple way. Charles W. Birtwell, Secretary of the Children's Aid Society in Boston, was in the habit of lending books to various children in poor families. He liked to talk to the children about the books, but this personal work consumed so much time that he conceived the idea of the Home Library, an idea so rational and practical that it has already spread to several other cities.

'A Home Library is a collection of twenty carefully chosen books placed in the home of one of a group of ten children. A sympathetic visitor, usually a woman, meets the children once a week, talks over the books which they have read at their homes, and interests and amuses them for an hour. In a word, it means the influence of a good friend and a good book on children with few opportunities. Each group may contain both boys and girls, ranging in age from eight to fifteen. Games and penny saving, after the Penny Provident Fund method, are often introduced and are exceeding popular. As the groups increase, the little libraries pass from one to another till they are worn out. The reading of the books is not confined to the immediate members of the library group. In many cases parents, brothers and sisters use the books as freely as do the members, and reading aloud in the family circle is encouraged.

'Circles of the Order of the King's Daughters and Sons living in villages and cities often have a desire to visit the needy and to influence their lives for good, but do not know how to approach such households. It is possible for almost every Circle, or, at least, for a combination of Circles in any town, to obtain twenty good books and a case that will hold them. Such a library placed in a home will make that household the centre of blessed influences to other families.'

'Suppose the library and case to have been secured,' Miss Bond says, 'the next step is for the Circle or Circles to elect from their number a visitor, or several visitors. Inquire among the families visited, and select a household trustworthy enough to receive this library into its dwelling. Appoint one of the elder children to serve as regular librarian. Give her a book in which to record the names of her neighbors who may take out the books to read. In the regular visits of this family ascertain how many of the books have been read, and, if possible, talk, especially with the children, about their contents. You will find that this process will result in creating an interest in home amusements, that the children will be eager for further knowledge or entertainment from books, and that their relatives will join with them in this desire, and you will also find that the taste of the young is improved. They will learn to stay at home and read, rather than to run the streets, taking any companionship that may offer. Besides, it will give you, as a visitor and friend, reason for calling at the houses of those whom you desire to help, and you will be received as a friend and not as an almsgiver.

'Be careful in the selection of books. Do not let them be of sectarian character, although they may be religious. Let each library contain books for girls and boys, for older and younger children, one or more fairy stories, popular histories, books of travel and books about nature.'—American Messenger.'

Two Lives.

Two babes were born in the self-same town,
On the very self-same day;
They laughed and cried in their mother's arms,
In the very self-same way;
And both seemed pure and innocent
As falling flakes of snow,
But one of them lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Two children played in the self-same town,
And the children both were fair;
But one had curls brushed smooth and round,
The other had tangled hair.
The children both grew up apace,
As other children grow;
But one of them lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Two maidens grew in the self-same town,
And one was wedded and loved;
The other saw thro' the curtain's part,
The world where her sister moved.
And one was smiling a happy bride,
The other knew care and woe;
For one of them lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Two women lay dead in the self-same town,
And one had tender care,
The other was left to die alone,
On her pallet so thin and bare.
One had many to mourn her loss,
For the other few tears would flow,
For one had lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

If the Lord, who died for rich and poor,
In wondrous, holy love,
Took both the sisters in his arms,
And carried them above,
Then all the difference vanished quite;
For in heaven none would know
Which of them lived in the terraced house,
And which in the street below.
—'Waif.'

Mr. R. W. Pitcher, writing in the 'Echo' of the 3rd instant, says:—'Brewers, with numerous beer-shops and groggeries, take water from the waterworks of cities and towns at about £15 per million gallons, make it liquor of strife and impoverishment, and sell it at threepence per pint, and grab £100,000 per million gallons; the cost of making the beer and retailing it being about one-eighth; thus the revenue system and liquordom profit each nearly £45,000 per million gallons of beer.

Needless Fears.

Close to Vatoa, or Turtle Island, in Eastern Fiji, there is a dangerous outlying coral reef called Vuata Vatoa, on which a number of vessels have been wrecked. The latest victim of this reef is the 'Scottish Dale,' a big ship of 2,000 tons. While the crew were taking to the boats, they saw to their horror the brown mat-sail of a canoe bearing down upon them, and they made frantic haste to escape from the blood-thirsty cannibals whom they supposed to be on board. They got safely away, and were filled with thankfulness, though they had a long run before them of some 240 nautical miles to Suva, where the governor lives, and where they thought there might be safety from the cannibals. So away they went before a brisk trade-wind, anxiously looking out for pursuing savages as they passed the islands on their way. When they reached Suva, they told the people of their narrow escape from the blood-thirsty Vatoans, and were astounded by the roar of laughter that followed the narrative. They would have been as safe at Vatoa, or at any one of the islands which they passed with fear and trembling, as they would have been in the streets of the most civilized city in the world—safer, indeed, for they would have found no one who wanted to pick their pockets. The writer once went up to Vatoa in our mission schooner to take away a shipwrecked crew. He found them living in comfort with the natives, who had not only fed and sheltered them, but had helped them to save the goods on board the wreck. They were safely stowed in the chief's house, and faithfully kept till a vessel was sent for them.—Australian Paper.

The Boy's Request.

As a clergyman sat in his study, a gentleman was announced. The minister knew his visitor well by sight and repute, and he was the very last person whom he would have expected to call upon him, for he was known to be a fast liver and a great swearer; but the worthy man's surprise was doubled when the gentleman expressed a desire to sit at the table of the Lord on the following day. A few direct and pointed questions revealed the fact that he was now a truly converted man, and that he had been led to the Cross through his little son's dying request. Though only about twelve years of age, the little fellow had learned to know and love the Lord Jesus Christ, and great was his grief to hear his father blaspheme God's holy name. He was smitten with a fatal illness, and, as the end was approaching, the little sufferer said, 'Father, I should like you to make one promise to me.' 'What is it, my boy? I am willing to do anything that you ask me.' 'Then, father, please—oh! please—do not swear any more.' Tears welled up into the father's eyes, and his his voice was broken with sobs as he huskily replied, 'Never again, my boy; with God's help, never again.' 'Oh,' he said to the minister, 'I never had anything come to my soul with such power as that whispered request.' It broke him down. All his false pride melted away, and he felt that he was a poor, weak, sinful man, who could only cry, 'Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!' —'Christian Herald.'

'Couldst thou in vision see
Thyself the man God meant,
Thou nevermore wouldst be
The man thou art—content.'
—Waif.

Little Folks.

What the Dog Churned.

By Marcia Purdy.

Charlie, with Nero beside him, was digging worms from the flower bed near the cellar window and heard grandma say to Aunt Sue, 'I should like a blackberry pudding to-day, but you cannot go for the berries, and when the churning is done the sun will be too hot for me, as I have a headache.'

'Why not let Charlie go?' asked Aunt Sue; and grandma replied, 'He went so unwillingly yesterday that I do not care to ask him again; I want his vacation to be as pleasant as possible.'

Charlie's face grew red. Yes, he had gone unwillingly; he was so anxious to see the reaper at work that he was not willing to give grandma the few minutes it took to pick a few berries, although he afterwards ate his share of the pie with much enjoyment.

To-day he was going fishing with Ned Parker, and ought to start at once or Ned would be waiting for him, so he had not a minute to spare for berrying. Of course grandma had not asked him to go, and did not even know that he was near when she spoke, still he wished he had not heard her, for it spoiled his pleasure.

In a few minutes he heard the cellar door close and then the heavy splash of the cream as it was poured into the churn. At this sound Nero left Charlie and sprang upon the dog churn, ready to begin his work.

'What a good dog Nero is!' said Charlie to himself; 'he never waits to be told to churn, but is always ready before the cream is.'

This made him think of the boy who was not willing to pick a few berries, and his face grew red again.

He heard grandma throw off the brake, and then came the steady 'herchug! herchug!' of the dasher as Nero began his tiresome trot upon the wheel. By and by this changed to 'selfish boy! selfish boy!' and although Charlie dug faster than before he could not help hearing it.

At last he threw down his trowel and, shaking his fist at Nero, said, 'I don't mean to let a dog get ahead of me;' then picked up his basket and, climbing over the stone wall, went to the berry field.

When he returned, grandma was gathering the butter; he held up the basket of berries, saying, 'Nero churned something beside butter this morning, grandma,' and told her the story.

Her loving kiss more than paid him for his trouble, and he ran to join Ned with a light heart.'—The Mayflower.

The End of a Dog's Quarrel.

One day a fine Newfoundland dog and a mastiff had a sharp discussion over a bone, and warred away as angrily as two boys. They were fighting on a bridge, and before they knew it, over they went into the water. The banks were so high that they were forced to swim some distance before they came to a landing-place. It was very easy for the Newfoundland; he was as much at home in the water as a seal. But not so poor Bruce. He struggled and tried to swim, but made little headway.

HE TOWED HIM SAFELY INTO PORT.

The Newfoundland dog quickly reached the land, and then turned to look at his old enemy. He saw plainly that his strength was fast failing, and that he was likely to drown. So what should the noble fellow do but plunge in, seize him gently by the collar, and, keeping his nose above the water, tow him safely into port.

It was funny to see these two dogs look at each other as they shook their wet coats. Their glance said as plainly as words, 'We'll never quarrel any more.'

Our good Queen Victoria has always been fond of dogs.

The kennels at Windsor are well kept, and the animals are shown the greatest care and kindness, everything being done that can keep them healthy and happy.

There are dogs there of almost every breed, and when the Queen is staying at the castle she goes very often to visit her pets.

When a Royal dog dies it is laid in a grave, which is marked by a stone that tells its name.

One tombstone is for 'Maurice,' a dog of the Mont St. Bernard breed, which belonged to Prince Albert, and died in the year 1864.

Another is the grave of 'Prince,' who died in 1865; he was a Scotch terrier that came from the Queen's Castle of Balmoral in the Highlands.

Of all dogs, Her Majesty prefers collies. Princess Beatrice is more fond of fox-terriers, and she has a goodly number of them.

—'The Child's Companion.'

A Very Good Little Girl.

She never sighs,
  She never grumbles,
She never cries
  When down she tumbles,
She never soils her pretty dresses;
  She never spoils her silken tresses,
She never quarrels at her play,
  She's glad and cheerful all the day.
I love to hold her in my arms
  And kiss and kiss her for her charms.
O she's the sweetest little girl,
  And precious as a costly pearl.
What is her name? It's just plain Polly,
  And she's my dearest, dearest dolly.—'Adviser.'

The Wren and the Dragon-Fly.

A Parable.

On a warm day in summer a little brown wren came to the edge of a pool, and as she drew near she saw a glorious creature hovering in the air on four great wings of brown gauze, and catching the gnats that flew past him.

She had never seen so wonderful a being, and she stopped to gaze upon his blue and yellow rings, and his eyes that shone like diamonds. And as he observed her admiration the beautiful creature said:

'Do my eyes dazzle you, little brown stranger?'

'I have never seen anything like them,' she answered; 'they seem to me to be not one pair, but many eyes gazing in all directions.'

'You speak truly,' answered the other. 'There are thousands of eyes in each, and because I have so many I am the king of all flies, and they call me the dragon-fly. How many eyes have you?'

'I have but one pair,' the wren said, humbly.

'Then you can never be on your guard against an enemy?'

'Only by constant watching,' she said; 'but may it please my lord, I see an enemy approaching even now,' for a child with a net was drawing near.

Now, though the dragon-fly had many thousand eyes, yet he could see but a little way with them. Howbeit, he would not own to his failing, but told the wren that there was no danger, and hovered still in the same spot. And the wren, with the help of her one pair of eyes, escaped, but the dragon-fly was taken in the net and perished miserably; for one good talent is better than many poor ones.—'The Quiver.'

A Little Gentleman.

I'm going to be a gentleman when I'm big like papa,' said little Joe one day.

'But papa was a gentleman when he was little like you,' said grandma, who was sewing near him.

'Did he dress up in grandpa's coat and hat and walk with his cane, as I do with papa's sometimes? inquired Joe.

'No, he wore pinafores and a little straw bonnet,' said grandma stitching away.

Joe looked at her steadily as though he could not understand.

'Are you trying to think how he looked, dear?' grandma asked. 'I wasn't meaning that; but I mean that his little cousin Kittie came to play with him, and he went to his box and brought out the very best toy that he had—a jumping frog—and said, 'This is for you, Kittie, 'cause you're a little girl.' And I think that did more to make him a gentleman than a coat, hat, and cane could have done.'—The 'Christian Commonwealth.'

Mary and Her Dog.

Such a pretty story I read the other day about a little girl named Mary. In some way she fell and broke her arm, and had to keep in bed for a long while. Her playmates came to see her, and often brought her beautiful flowers, of which she was very fond.

There was something else, too, which Mary loved dearly, and that was her dog, whose name was Bob.

He seemed to feel very sorry for his little mistress and he noticed how happy the flowers always made her, and he thought he would give her a bouquet too.

Away he went into the yard, and plucked a mouthful of plantain leaves. Then he hurried back to Mary, put his fore paws on her bed, dropped the leaves, and wagged his tail, saying as plainly as any dog could, 'Are not my flowers pretty too?'—'The Children's Treasury.'

God Can See Through the Crack.

A lady came home from shopping one day, and was not met as usual by the glad welcome of her little son. He seemed shy of her, skulked into the entry, hung about the garden, and wanted to be more with Bridget than was common.

The mother could not account for his manner. When she was undressing him for bed, he asked:

'Mother, can God see through the crack in the closet door?'

'Yes,' said his mother.

'And can he see when it is all dark there?'

'Yes,' answered his mother; 'God can see everywhere and in every place.'

'Then God saw me, and he'll tell you mother. When you were gone I got into your closet, and I took and ate up the cake; and I am sorry,' and, bowing his head on his mother's lap, he burst out crying.—'Bright Jewels.'

The Words of Christ.

'Who hath ears to hear let him hear.'

Who made the ear,
Now bids us hear!
His words divine,
With wisdom shine,
They're pure and true,
And gracious, too,
Oh, heed them well!
They save from hell;
They win the soul
From sin's control;
They show the road
That leads to God;
They teach the way
To Endless day.

'Morning Guide.'

Christ For Me.

For me He left His home on high;
For me to earth He came to die;
For me He in a manger lay;
For me to Egypt fled away;
For me He dwelt with fishermen;
For me He slept in cave and glen;
For me abuse He meekly bore;
For me a crown of thorns He wore;
For me he braved Gethsemane;
For me He hung upon a tree;
For me His final feast was made;
For me by Judas was betrayed;
For me by Peter was denied;
For me by Pilate crucified;
For me His precious blood was shed;
For me He slept among the dead;
For me He rose with might at last;
For me above the skies He passed;
For me He came at God's command;
For me He sits at His right hand;
For me He now prepares a home;
For me He shall in glory come.

—'Waif.'

Acquire, while the mind is young, a love of innocent pleasure, an ardor for useful knowledge. Remember that a blighted spring makes a barren year. Vernal flowers, however gay, are only intended as preparatives for autumnal fruits.

Temperance Catechism.

(Lesson vii.)

1. Q.—Which is the strongest bone of your body.

A.—The thigh-bone, which reaches from the hip to the knee.

2. Q.—At the knee-joint what bones meet the thigh-bone, or femur?

BONES OF FOOT AND ANKLE.

A.—The shin-bone and the splint-bone, known as the tibia and fibula.

3.—How many bones are contained in the ankle?

A.—There are seven bones in the ankle.

4. Q.—How many bones are there in the five toes?

A.—Fourteen phalanges or toe-joints.

5. Q.—How do we injure our bones?

A.—By throwing the weight of the body on them unevenly, as by standing on one foot, or sitting crookedly.

6. Q.—In what other ways.

A.—By giving them insufficient or improper food, and not enough exercise.

7. Q.—Have we a right to eat or drink anything which will injure our bodies?

A.—No, because the Scripture tells us—'Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's.'

Alcoholism Through Wet-Nursing.

The Paris correspondent of the 'Medical Press' reports a recent meeting of the Société de Chirurgie, where M. Vallin spoke on the accidents to which infants are exposed when nursed by women who partake too freely of stimulants. At Paris, in a certain number of well-to-do families, a bottle of wine was allowed generally each day to the nurse, and, in many cases, strong beer was given ad libitum. It was not to be wondered at that, under such circumstances, a small quantity of alcohol passed into the milk and produced in the infant nervous attacks, convulsions, etc., which were frequently attributed to other causes.

French Sobriety.

There is little to be wondered at in the satiric vein evinced in the columns of the public journals in their comments on the proposal of the French Government to introduce a bill with the object of immediately strengthening the control of the State over the manufacture and sale of alcohol. Probably this may take the form of an increased duty, as the Finance Minister has the project in hand. France has so long been eulogised for its reputed greater sobriety than Britain, that it is a shock to have this dream of sobriety dispelled. It is a hopeful sign for the Government to manifest such anxiety about the increasing indulgence in intoxicants.—'British Medical Journal.'

Shingling His Own Roof.

Chaplain McCabe tells a story of a drinking man who, being in a saloon late at night, heard the wife of the saloon-keeper say to her husband, 'Send that fellow home, it is late.' 'No, never mind,' replied her husband, 'he is shingling our roof for us.' This idea lodged in the mind of the drunkard, and he did not return to the saloon for six months. When passing the saloon-keeper in the street, the latter said, 'Why don't you come around to my place any more?' 'Thank you for your kind hospitality,' replied the former victim, 'I have been shingling my own roof lately.'

The Lord Chief Justice on Temperance.

I have the greatest reverence for those who are prompted by the desire to do good, and have joined together in the crusade against drink. I acknowledge to its fullest extent the evils of drink to those who drink to excess. . . . I pity the man who at home is surrounded by misery and wretchedness. No wonder he seeks the garish glare of the public-house to get away from his miserable surroundings. The homes of the people must be improved, and counter-attractions to the dangerous allurements of the public-house provided.—London, Nov., 1888.

On the subject of the liquor traffic I will

RT. HON. LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN, G.C.M.G.
(Lord Chief Justice of England.)

say two things. There is no question more wide-reaching in its bearing on the social, moral and political power and condition of the working classes. It is admitted on all sides that the question must be dealt with, and dealt with in obedience to the popular will. My own wish is that it shall be dealt with, and dealt with in a way that will cause the least friction, and therefore the least opposition on the part of any class in the country.—Bristol, Nov., 1893.

At the Liverpool Assizes in March, 1895, he said:—In his report to the magistrates, the head-constable has referred to the marked diminution of cases of drunkenness in the city and the neighborhood, a very marked diminution indeed. I think we may probably attribute this diminution in the cases of drunkenness to several causes, and not to one only.

In part, it might be because of the active vigilance displayed by the police in supervising the carrying on of the business of public-houses; in part because of the care that licencees themselves have displayed in not giving drink to persons unfit to receive it; a care which is recognized in the report.

In part, also, it might be perhaps attributed to the diminished number of houses for the sale of intoxicating drink, a diminution which seems to have been going on for a number of years, and which has, of course, the effect of lessening the opportunities of temptation to drink.

Lastly, some of the diminution might be attributed to the improvement in the intelligence of the people, to that improvement in the moral tone of the masses of the people to which alone we can look for enduring and permanent results.

I observe that the diminution in drunkenness to which the head constable refers synchronizes with the diminution in the number of public-houses. If that is more than an accidental coincidence, if there is a relation of cause and effect, the matter suggests very grave consideration by those who are charged with the granting, withholding, or renewal of public-house licenses. —'Alliance Calendar.'

Temperance Notes.

The ballot is in the hands of professed Christians, and they can easily pulverize the saloon.

Heathen parents throw their children to the crocodiles; license voters throw theirs to the saloons.

The English Methodist temperance committee reported to the Liverpool conference 4,393 Bands of Hope, with a membership of 433,027, and 1,374 temperance societies, numbering 80,915.

Dr. Walmsley, of Dareuth Asylum, says that one-fourth of all cases of insanity are due to drink, and one-half are hereditary. A large proportion of the hereditary cases are doubtless due to the drinking habits of ancestors.

Parents are very slow to suspect that their boy either reads trashy novels secretly or smokes cigarettes. Pastors need to be eyes and ears in many cases, and then have the wisdom of a Solomon in dealing with special cases.

The Bishop of London recently, in introducing a temperance delegation to the prime minister, pointed out that whereas it takes 1,000 people to support a baker-shop, and 700 to 800 to maintain a butcher, both dealing in the necessaries of life, there is, in many parts of Great Britain, a public house to every 10 to 120 inhabitants.

In a book of travels written by a Mr. Barrow we find this interesting bit of information. A Hottentot was seen to apply the short end of his wooden tobacco-pipe to the mouth of a snake when the reptile was darting out its tongue. Death was instantaneous, the effect almost like an electric shock; with a convulsive motion that lasted only for a moment the snake half untwisted itself, and then became still. And upon examination the muscles were found to be so contracted that the snake felt as hard as if it had been dried in the sun.—'Harper's Round Table.'

LESSON VIII.—Feb. 21.

The First Christian Martyr.—Acts vi., 8-15; vii., 54-60. Read chapters vi. and vii. Commit vs. 57-60.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'—Rev. ii., 10.

Home Readings.

M. Acts vi., 1-15.—'Stephen arrested and Arraigned.'

T. Acts vii., 1-21.—'His Defense before the Council.'

W. Acts vii., 22-36.—'His argument Continued.'

Th. Acts vii., 37-53.—'His Argument Concluded.'

F. Acts vii. 54-60.—'The First Christian Martyr.'

S. Rev. ii., 8-17.—'Fear None of these Things.'

S. Rev. vii., 9-17.—'Out of Great Tribulation.'

Lesson Story.

Seven deacons, 'men of honest report and full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom,' had been appointed to carry on the routine business of the Church. Among these, Stephen is specially mentioned—'a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.' The disciples were greatly multiplying, and a great many, even of the priests, were 'obedient to the faith.' Stephen seems to have been specially zealous, doing wonders and miracles among the people, and speaking and exhorting with great wisdom. The learned men in the synagogue disputed with him, and when they found themselves unable to prove him wrong, they got false witnesses to say that they had heard him speak blasphemous words against Moses and against God. Then they dragged him before the council and brought the false witnesses to accuse him. But as he stood calmly before them, they saw that his face shone with a heavenly radiance—as the face of Moses had shone after being forty days alone with God—'as the face of an angel.' 'Then said the high priest, Are these things so?' But instead of answering directly the charge brought against him, Stephen, beginning with Abraham and going on through the history of the Jewish nation, the history with which they had all been familiar from earliest childhood, preached unto them Jesus. Saying that their fathers had killed or persecuted all those who had prophesied of the coming Messiah, and that now they themselves had crucified that very Messiah upon whom rested all the hope of the nation.

When they heard these things, they were cut to the heart—filled with rage, and gnashed on him with their teeth.' He saw that they were desperate, but he was not afraid of them, for he had the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, with him, and looking up, he beheld Jesus standing on the right hand of God, the heavens were opened for him. But the council, mad with hate, stopped their ears that they might not hear him, and shouting with fury, dragged him out of the city and stoned him. And Stephen, as he felt the cruel death-blows, called upon God, saying, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.' Then, forgetting himself in his anxiety for the salvation of his murderers, he kneeled down and cried, with a loud voice—'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.' Then he 'fell asleep,' and Jesus received him into glory.

Thus ended one of the sweetest and most glorious lives the world has ever seen—nay, not ended, for as the spirit lives in heaven, so the influence lives on earth, and the work laid down by this glorious martyr was soon to be taken up again by the young man, Saul, who 'was consenting unto his death,' as he guarded the clothes of those who had cast the first stones at Stephen.

Lesson Hymn.

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below.
He follows in His train.

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Those valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks, the death to feel;
Who follows in their train?

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for those who did him wrong;
Who follows in his train?

Lesson Hints.

'Synagogue of the Libertines.'—Those Jews which had been taken captive by the Romans and afterward made free, were called Libertines or freed men. There are said to have been about four hundred and sixty synagogues in Jerusalem at this time. 'They suborned men'—the word implies false witness. 'Against Moses.'—Moses was held in almost if not quite as great reverence as God, by these Jews whom our Lord had accused of 'teaching for doctrines the commandments of men,' and holding their own traditions as more important than God's Word.

'Blasphemous words'—blasphemy against God was accounted one of the worst of sins and punishable always by death. 'Against this holy place'—the temple. These are practically the same accusations which were brought against Jesus Christ, and with as little foundation. Notice the abrupt change of thought at verse 51, as though they had listened quietly until then, but had grown impatient and Stephen saw that he would be allowed very few more words.

'The Son of Man,' Jesus Christ in human bodily form, 'standing,' as though waiting to receive His faithful servant. 'They stopped their ears,' not wishing to hear words which really seemed blasphemous to some of them. 'The heavens opened'—had their hearts been pure and holy, they too might have seen the glorious vision, but their hearts were filled with hate, and their eyes fixed on earthly things. 'They cast him out of the city'—not being allowed to put any person to death within its walls.

'The witnesses laid down their clothes'—their outer garments, to leave their arms free. The law compelled the witnesses to cast the first stones. 'He fell asleep'—this expression was commonly used in the early church. They bade one another 'goodnight' instead of 'good-bye,' so confident were they of meeting soon again.

Search Questions.

1. Give the Old Testament law for the stoning of blasphemers.

2. Did the Jews ever try to stone our Lord?

3. Give a verse from Revelation about those who have laid down their life for Jesus' sake.

Primary Lesson.

We are learning to-day the beautiful story of Stephen, a man who loved Jesus so much that he was willing to die for His sake. It is rather a sad story, too, for the wicked people did really put him to death because he preached about Jesus, and they did not want to know that Jesus was the Son of God, because they had crucified Him. So they called Stephen bad names and said he had said things about God that were not true, and that he must be stoned to death. And as they looked at him, they saw that his face was filled with glory and sweetness, just like an angel's face. Then Stephen told the high priest and all the people who were with him how God had promised to give them a King, who would be their Saviour, and then when God sent Jesus to them, they killed Him, instead of receiving Him as their King. Then they were very angry and ran at him and dragged him out of the city and threw great stones at him that hurt him very much. But he was not afraid of them because he looked up and saw heaven before him, and he saw Jesus standing on the right hand of God. He was glad to go and be with Jesus, so he said, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.' And then he was so sorry for the wicked people who were killing him, that he forgot his own suffering and prayed that these people would not be punished for killing him, but that they might all be saved and come to know and love Jesus as he did. Stephen had the same sweet spirit of forgiveness that Jesus had when they killed Him. And the Lord answered Stephen's prayer in the life of the young man named Saul, who was afterwards called Paul, and who loved Jesus and did great work for Him.

Perhaps you wonder why God allowed Stephen to be killed, when He might have saved him, just as He sent an angel to take Peter out of prison. But God always knows best about these things, and it seems as though Stephen's beautiful trust and forgiveness, at his death, was what caused Saul first to see what a Christian life was. And I think that Stephen's life was like a little match. You know a match lights easily and then it sets fire to the wood, which does not light so easily. The match burns out and dies, but the flames which came from it burn on and on, until there is nothing left to burn.

Suggested Hymns.

'Sleep on, Beloved,' 'Safe Home, Safe Home at Last,' 'Only an Armor-bearer,' 'Am I a Soldier of the Cross?' 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' 'Asleep in Jesus.'

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS

Feb. 14.—'Our little worries and how to get rid of them.'—Ps. 121: 1-8; John 14: 1.

JUNIOR PRAYER MEETING TOPICS.

Feb. 14.—'The life of Moses: what are some of its lessons?'—Heb. 11: 23-29.

The Sunday School and Giving

We cannot well be too much concerned about the moral and religious training of the rising generation. The affairs of Church and State will soon be committed to their watch-care and safe-keeping. The welfare of the Church and the Perpetuation of our institutions greatly depend upon their early moral and religious training. The training they receive during the formative period of their lives has much to do in determining their character for time and eternity. The teachings of the Sunday-school are an important factor in training them in the way they should go. Their significance and importance are recognized more and more every succeeding year. This ever-increasing recognition will result in the formation of a well-informed, strong and symmetrical character. May we not hope that the next generation of Christians will be greatly in advance of any former ones?

Greater volumes of light and glory have fallen upon this day and generation. The Churches are waking up to the importance and necessity of having 'Holiness to the Lord' stamped upon their means and possessions. The principles, duties and responsibilities of Christian stewardship are better understood than formerly. This is an age characterized by frequent and munificent giving. Money flows into the Lord's treasury in a continuous stream. We are reaping the sowing of former years. The bread that was cast upon the waters is returning bountifully multiplied.

The work of the Sunday-school has evidently had something to do in bringing about this long-prayed-for and blessed reformation. The seed sown amidst tears and trembling is springing up and yielding a rich harvest to the praise and glory of God. It is an encouraging evidence of success, and should serve as an incentive to still greater diligence and faithfulness.

The duty and blessedness of giving should be properly emphasized in our Sunday-school instructions and efforts. We should endeavor to instruct the minds of our scholars, impress their hearts and influence their lives with the assurance that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and that 'the Lord loveth a cheerful giver.' Such instruction will be an antidote to selfishness and covetousness, and result in sanctified and liberal giving. All the benevolences of the Church should be laid before the Sunday-school, and financial aid solicited in their behalf. Great good would result from it. The benevolences would receive a fresh financial and moral impetus, our young people become more fully acquainted with the operations of the Church, and have repeated opportunities to exercise themselves in the duty and blessedness of giving. Many of our schools would respond freely, and consider it quite a luxury.

Will you try it in your school?
—'Evangelical S.S. Teacher.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Grandma's Moth Cure.

'Moths! yes, hundreds of them,' said Helen, holding up a fur garment from which the hairs were falling as fast as autumn leaves, 'and I believe they all come from that horrid roll of carpet that has been stored in the attic for two years.'

'You had better try my recipe, girls, it has never been known to fail,' said Grandma, who had caught us half buried in our winter trunks, from which we were taking garment after garment on which the 'pestilence that walketh in darkness' had left an imprint.

'Please, give it to us,' said Helen, shaking the hairs from her lap, and reaching for paper and pencil with which to copy the recipe.

'It's very simple; I found it years ago, just after your grandfather and I were married. I had loads of things given me by my dear mother, feather beds, pillows, blankets, down-spreads and bed quilts, until I didn't know what in the world to do with them.'

'I thought the old-fashioned folks always had cedar chests and closets,' said I.

'Yes, so they did,' said grandma, 'but our supply soon outgrew the pace, and every year the moths played havoc with my best belongings. Since I have tried this recipe, however, I've never had any trouble. I found it in an old book, with its back torn off, and covered with dust, lying on the top of an old barrel of books. The directions were: 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal.'

'I don't see how laying up treasure in heaven is going to keep the moths out of your clothes in this world,' said Helen, looking mournfully at her handsome fur coat.

'Well, now you just try the experiment, and see if it doesn't succeed. After my marriage, as I told you, I lost many of my best things by moths; camphor, pepper and tobacco seeming to be of no use as preventives. I found this recipe accidentally, and have used it ever since.'

'Moths, you know, seldom trouble garments in general use, and I commenced looking around me for people who could have been benefited by those very articles that the moths had destroyed, and that I could have done without and not missed from my abundance. I thought of my poor dressmaker, who never had time to make any clothes for herself, and who could not go out in cold weather for want of a cloak. To her I sent a fur-lined circular that I had not worn in two years, and that was a perfect moth incubator. To a woman whose husband had just died, and left her with six little children, and without a penny for their support, I sent a feather bed, some good warm blankets and my flannels that had shrunk in the washing. Your grandfather's overcoat and underclothing went to an industrious mechanic over the way, who did odd jobs for us, and whose life was a struggle to support his wife and little ones. The charity wards in hospitals, too, I found a good outlet for my surplus supplies. I reduced my stock to such a degree that the demand for space was not greater than the supply, and my cedar chests and closets proved quite sufficient for my purposes.

'At the end of every season I practise this system of reduction as soon as my pantries and closets begin to run over, and I tell you what it is, girls, the surplus that I lay up in heaven out of the way of moth and mold pays me a bigger dividend than any of my other investments. Try it, girls, try it, and see if I'm not right.'

'But you're rich, grandmother, we couldn't afford to give away all those things,' chimed in Helen and I.

'You said, my dears, that the whole trouble came from an old roll of carpet that had been in the attic for two years, and which you never expected to use again. Couldn't you have made some poor person comfortable with that carpet last winter? That bag of socks and stockings,' she continued, slapping at a great buffalo moth flying from it, 'how many little frost-bitten toes could have been kept warm by them, and how many poor wives and mothers would thank you for those half worn clothes of Harry's that he will never wear again. We are only God's stewards, my dears, and our luxuries are given us not to feed covetousness, but to expend in broad charities. God does not encourage extensive accumulation. The bible teaches us: "He that hath two coats, let him give to him that hath none," and this, you see, my dears, leaves very little to be packed away, either in cedar chests or left for the benefit of the moths. Try my recipe, girls, it's safer than moth paper.'—Mrs. F. G. De Fontaine, in New York 'Observer.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

Subscriptions are still piling in. Do not forget the splendid seed offers made last week. The following are some of the many congratulatory letters which we have received regarding the change made in the form of the 'Messenger.'

John Dougall & Son:

I would have sent in my subscription for the 'Messenger' before, but I have been trying to get new subscribers, and send you three. I like your paper very much, and was glad to see that you had started the household department again as I have found many useful receipts in it and hope it will be continued. I like the S.S. Lessons very much, too. MRS. T. CLOW.

John Dougall & Son:

We have examined other papers, but we find yours is the best we can get in that line, and hope you will get the generous support of Sabbath-schools throughout the country. Sincerely yours,

FRANK LEASK, Treas.

Wick, Jan. 13, 1897.

John Dougall & Son:

This coming quarter please send Bethany Chapel, Brooklyn, N.Y., 200 copies per Sunday. You may rest assured that we have no fault to find with your paper, but rather words of praise for its very much improved condition during the past year.

Truly yours, C. J. HAULENBEEK.

John Dougall & Son:

Let me congratulate you on the change you have made in the 'Messenger.' It is indeed a great improvement on the old form. Although not so nice in point of beauty, there is more reading matter, and that is a decided advantage. The paper deserves the due consideration of all readers, and the firm; credit for its good work.

Yours truly, H. C. SLOAN.

Toronto, Ont.

We have been taking the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school for the past nine months and are all well pleased with it, especially so since it has been enlarged.

MRS. G. HAWKEN.

Miami P.O., Man.

John Dougall & Son:

We chose the 'Messenger' before all other S.S. papers because we think it is not only the cheapest for its size, but we like its tone and its attitude on the questions of the day. Yours truly, R. J. BROWN.

Beamsville, Ont.

John Dougall & Son:

We are delighted with the change in the 'Messenger.' We love it because it stands up for temperance and also shows up tobacco, and contains such lovely stories for the children. I do not think that it can be beaten. We have taken the 'Messenger' ever since it commenced and would not give it up. I have two new subscribers, but want to get more before sending in the money. The 'Messenger' is just lovely. I cannot speak too highly of it and will do all I can to circulate it.

I remain, yours truly,

MRS. GEO. PETTS.

Meyersburg, Ont.

John Dougall & Son:

I must express my pleasure in reference to the 'Messenger.' The changes are much for the better. I could not get along without it at all. T. LANE.

John Dougall & Son:

We are well pleased with the change in the 'Messenger,' it is an improvement, and the reading matter is all of the best.

JAS. QUAID.

Port Albert, Boston, Ont.

John Dougall & Son:

We are pleased with the improvement made in the paper, and we wish you a happy and prosperous year with your paper, which is so well adapted for juvenile reading. H. J. BARBER.

Boston, Ont.

John Dougall & Son:

We are pleased with the increased size and improved appearance of the 'Messenger,' compared with what it was when we took it three years ago. We have tried others, but think there is nothing to equal the 'Messenger.'

22 Gildersleeve Ave., Toronto, Ont.

John Dougall & Son:

Our school is highly pleased with your excellent paper, especially since you have enlarged it. I would make special mention of our appreciation of the temperance department of the 'Messenger.' It is an excellent education on that very important topic. Wishing you the prosperity you richly deserve in the circulation of your paper, I remain, faithfully yours,

M. E. LIPLE.

Pastor Regular Baptist Church, Whitevale, Ont.

The rates of subscription are:—

One yearly subscription, 30c.

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